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DIALOGUES

OF THE

DEAD.

By Lord Lyttelton

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M.DCC.LX.

DEVIL

OF THE

DIVORCE

PREFACE.

LUCIAN *among the Ancients, and among the Moderns Fenelon, Archbiſhop of Cambray, and Monſieur Fontenelle, have written* Dialogues of the Dead *with Applauſe. But in our Language nothing of that kind has been publiſhed worthy of Notice: for the very ingenious and learned Dialogues written by Mr. Hurde are all ſuppoſed to have paſt between* living Perſons.

The Plan I have followed takes in a much greater Compaſs: it brings before us the Hiſtory of all Times and all Nations, preſents to the Choice of the Writer all Characters of remarkable Perſons, which may beſt be oppoſed to or compared with each other; and is, perhaps, one of the moſt agreeable Methods, that can be employed, of conveying to the Mind any Critical, Moral, or Political Obſervations; becauſe the Dramatic Spirit, *which may be thrown into them, gives them more Life, than they could have in Diſſertations, however well written. And ſometimes* a new Dreſs *may make* an old Truth *more pleaſing to thoſe, whom the mere Love of Novelty betrays into Error, as it frequently does not only the* Wits *but the* Sages *of theſe days. If the Author of theſe* Dialogues *has in any degree accompliſhed his Purpoſe, this little Work will*

will be of ſome Uſe. If he has failed, he may at leaſt induce abler Pens to execute better what he has attempted.

It will be proper to obſerve to the Reader, that in the above-mentioned Authors the Dead *are ſuppoſed to know what has paſt, in ſubſequent times, and other Nations, as well as their own: without which Suppoſition no Converſations between Perſons who lived in different Ages and different Countries could be well carried on. Thus, in Fenelon's Dialogue between Plato and Ariſtotle, the former ſpeaks as having read the works of the latter, which were not compoſed till after his Death. In another by the ſame Author Gelon finds fault with the conduct of Dion: and in that between Solon and Juſtinian the Athenian cenſures the Government of the Roman Legiſlator, and talks of the Hiſtory of Procopius,*

Procopius, as if he had read it. More Inſtances might be given; but theſe are ſufficient. Elyſium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, and Styx, are alſo neceſſary Allegories *in this way of Writing. If they ſhould offend any pious or critical Ears, I ſhall defend myſelf by the ſolemn Declaration, which is always annexed, by the* Italian *Writers, to Works, where they are obliged to uſe ſuch Expreſſions:*
" *Se haveſſi nominato* Fato, Fortuna,
" Deſtino, Elyſio, Stige, &c. *ſono*
" *Scherzi di penna poetica, non Sen-*
" *timenti di animo Catolico.*" *

I have likewiſe taken the Liberty, that Others have uſed, to give my Dialogues *different Dates, as ſuited beſt with the Purpoſe to which they*

* If I have named Fate, Fortune, Deſtiny, Elyſium, Styx, &c. they are only the Sports of a poetical Pen, not the Sentiments of a Catholic Mind.

were written, ſuppoſing ſome of them to have paſt in this preſent Year, and others immediately after the death of one of the Speakers there introduced.

The three laſt Dialogues *are written by a different Hand; as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the Reader without my having told it. If the Friend who favoured me with them ſhould write any more, I ſhall think the Public owes me a great Obligation, for having excited a Genius ſo capable of uniting Delight with Inſtruction, and giving to Knowledge and Virtue thoſe Graces, which the Wit of the Age has too often employed all its ſkill to beſtow upon Folly and Vice.*

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DIALOGUES

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OF THE
DEAD.

DIALOGUE I.

Lord FALKLAND — Mr. HAMPDEN.

Lord FALKLAND.

ARE not you ſurprized to ſee me in Elyſium, Mr. Hampden?

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I was going to put the ſame Queſtion to you; for, doubtleſs, your Lordſhip thought me a Rebel.

Lord FALKLAND.

And certainly you thought me an Apoſtate from the Commonwealth, and a ſupporter of Tyranny. Did you not ſee me in that odious light?

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I own that I did, and I don't wonder at the ſeverity of your thoughts about me. The Heat of the times deprived us both of our natural Candour. Yet, I will frankly confeſs to you here, that, before I died, I began to ſee in our Party enough to juſtify your Apprehenſions, that the Civil War, which we had entered into from generous Motives, from a deſire to preſerve our free Conſtitution, would end very unhappily, and perhaps, in the Iſſue, deſtroy that Conſtitution, even by the Arms of thoſe who pretended to be moſt zealous for it.

Lord FALKLAND.

And I will as frankly confeſs to you, that I ſaw, in the Court and Camp of the King, ſo much to alarm me for the Liberty of my Country, if our Arms were ſucceſsful, that I dreaded a Victory little leſs than I did a Defeat, and had nothing in my Mouth but the

the Word Peace, which I repeated with paſſionate fondneſs, in every Council at which I aſſiſted.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I wiſhed for Peace too, as much as your Lordſhip. But I ſaw no Hopes of it. The Inſincerity of the King and the Influence of the Queen made it impoſſible to truſt to his Promiſes or Declarations. Nay, what reliance could we reaſonably have upon *Laws* deſigned to reſtrain the power of the Crown, except they were ſuch as put that power into our own hands, after he had violated *the Bill of Rights*, obtained with ſuch difficulty, and containing ſo clear an aſſertion of the Privileges which had been in diſpute? If his Conſcience would allow him to break an Act of Parliament *made to determine the bounds of the Royal Prerogative*, becauſe he thought *that the Royal Prerogative could have no bounds*, what legal Ties could bind ſuch a Conſcience? or what Security could his People find againſt the Malignity of ſuch an Opinion, except taking from him *the power of the ſword*, and enabling themſelves to defend the Laws he had paſt?

Lord FALKLAND.

There is truth, too much truth, in what you have ſaid — I cannot deny it. But by taking from the King *the power of the ſword*, you in reality took *all power*. It was converting the Government into a *Democracy*; and if he had ſubmitted to it he would only have had the name of a King. The ſceptre would have been held by thoſe who had the ſword; or we muſt have lived in a ſtate of perpetual Anarchy, without any ballance or force in the Government; a ſtate which could not have laſted long, but would have ended in a Republic or Abſolute Power.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

Your Reaſoning ſeems unanſwerable. But what could we do? Let Dr. Laud and thoſe other Divines, who led the King's Conſcience, and fixed ſuch Principles in it as made him unfit to govern his kingdom, though with many good Qualities, and ſome great ones; let them, I ſay, anſwer for the Miſchiefs they brought upon him and the Nation.

Lord FALKLAND.

They were indeed much to blame: but thoſe Principles had gained ground before their times, and ſeemed the Principles of our Church, in oppoſition to the Jeſuits, who had gone too far in the other Extream.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

It is a Diſgrace to our Church to have taken up ſuch Opinions; and I will venture to propheſy, that in future times our Clergy muſt renounce them, or they will be turned againſt them by thoſe who mean their Deſtruction. Suppoſe a *Popiſh King* on the Throne. Will the Clergy adhere to Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance? If they do, they deliver up their Religion to Rome; if they do not, their Practice will confute their own Doctrines.

Lord FALKLAND.

Nature, Sir, will in time be ſure to ſet right whatever Opinion contradicts her great Laws, let who will be the Teacher. But, indeed, the more I reflect on thoſe miſerable times in which we both lived, the more I think it a favour of Providence to us,

that we were cut off ſo ſoon, and delivered by Death from the Evils that neceſſarily were coming upon us. *The moſt grievous Misfortune to a virtuous Man is to be in ſuch a ſtate, that he can hardly ſo act as to approve his own conduct.* In ſuch a ſtate we both were. We could ſcarce make a ſtep, either forward or backward, without hazard of Guilt, or at leaſt of Diſhonour. We were entangled in Connections with Men who did not mean ſo well as ourſelves, or did not judge ſo rightly. If we offered to ſtop them, they thought us too cold or falſe to the Cauſe: if we went on with them, we run upon Rocks, which we ſaw very clearly, but could not avoid. Nor yet could we ſeek a quiet Retreat. The Times and our Characters would not allow it. Inaction would in us have been Cowardice and Deſertion. To compleat the public Calamities, a religious Fury mixed itſelf, on both ſides, with the Rage of our civil Diſſentions, more frantic than *that*, more implacable, more averſe to all healing meaſures. The moſt intemperate counſels were thought the moſt *pious*, and a Regard to the Laws, if they oppoſed the ſuggeſtions of theſe fiery Zealots, was deemed *Irreligion*. This added new difficulties to what

what was before but too difficult in itſelf, the ſettling of a Nation, which no longer could put any confidence in the King, nor lay more reſtraints on the Royal Authority, without deſtroying the ballance of the whole Conſtitution. In this ſituation, the Balls that pierced our hearts were directed thither by the hands of our Guardian Angels themſelves, to ſave us from Horrors we could not ſupport, and perhaps from a Guilt our natures abhorred.

Mr. HAMPDEN.

I think they were: and, if I were again to return into life, the Experience I have had would make me very cautious, how I kindled the ſparks of Civil War in my Country: for I have ſeen, that, when once that Fire is lighted, no man can tell how far it will ſpread. It is not in the power of the Head of a Party to ſay to the Conflagration, *Thus far ſhalt thou go, and here ſhalt thou ſtop.*

Lord FALKLAND.

The Converſation we have now had, as well as the Reflexions of my own mind, would, if I were condemned to my Body again, produce another effect upon me.

They would teach me great Moderation and Candour in my judgments of Men who might differ from me in difficult ſcenes of public Action: they would entirely cure me of the *ſpirit of party*: and they would make me think, that, as in the Church, ſo alſo in the State, no Evil is more to be feared than an enthuſiaſtic and rancorous Zeal.

DIALOGUE II.

LOUIS LE GRAND — PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

WHO could have thought that, when you were learning the Trade of a ſhipwright in the Dockyards of Holland, you would become my Rival in Fame, and acquire like me the ſurname of *Great*.

PETER.

Which of us deſerved that Title beſt, Poſterity will decide. But my Greatneſs appeared in that very Act which ſeemed to you a Debaſement.

LOUIS.

The Dignity of a King does not eaſily ſtoop to ſuch mean Employments. For my own part, I never cared to appear to the Eyes

Eyes of my Subjects or Foreigners, but in all the Splendour and Majesty of Royal Power.

PETER.

Had I remained on the Throne of Russia, as my Ancestors did, environed with all the Pomp of barbarous Greatness, I should have been idolized by my People, as much, at least, as you were by the French. My Despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their ill Customs; I could not have taught them Arts, Learning, Navigation, and War; I could not have turned them from Brutes into Men. In this the Force of my Genius appeared, beyond any Comparison with all other Kings, that I could think it no Degradation, or Diminution of my Greatness, to descend from my Throne, and go and work in the Docks of a foreign Republic; to serve as a private sailor in my own Fleets, and as a common soldier in my own Army; till I had raised myself, by my Merit in the several steps and degrees of Promotion, to the highest Command, and given my subjects a Lesson of the Necessity of a regular Subordination, in the Sea and Land-service,

by my own Practice, more convincing to them than any Inſtructions.

LOUIS.

I am forced to confeſs, that it was a great Act, and that, when I thought it a mean one, my Cenſure aroſe from the Ridicule thrown upon it by ſome of my Courtiers, whoſe minds were too narrow to comprehend or diſcern the Greatneſs of your's in that ſituation.

PETER.

It was an Act of more Heroiſm than any ever done by Alexander or Cæſar. Nor would I exchange my Glory with their's. They both did great Things; but they were at the head of great Nations, far ſuperior in valour and military ſkill to thoſe with whom they contended. I was the King of a barbarous People, undiſciplined, ignorant, hard to inſtruct. My Enemies were at firſt ſo ſuperior to my ſubjects, that ten thouſand of them could beat a hundred thouſand Ruſſians. They had powerful Fleets: I had not a ſhip. The King of Sweden was a Prince of the moſt intrepid Courage, aſſiſted by Generals of the moſt conſummate Knowlege in War, and ſerved by ſoldiers

ſo

ſo diſciplined, that they were the Admiration and Terror of Europe. Yet in the End I vanquiſhed theſe ſoldiers; I drove that Prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at ſea, as well as at Land; I *new-created* my People; I gave them Arts, Science, Policy; I made them the moſt reſpected of Nations: I enabled them to keep all the Powers of the North in Awe and Dependance, to give Kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman Emperors, to mix with great Weight in the Affairs of all Europe. What other Man has ever done ſuch Wonders as Theſe? Read all the Records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in compariſon with me!

LOUIS.

Your Glory would indeed have been ſupream and unequalled; if, in civilizing your ſubjects, you had reformed the Brutality of your own Manners, and the barbarous Vices of your own Nature. But, alas! the Legiſlator and Reformer of Ruſſia was drunken and cruel.

PETER.

My Drunkenneſs I confeſs: nor will I plead, to excuſe it, the Example of Alexander.

der. It was a ſtain on his character as well as mine, and it inflamed the tempers of both, which were by Nature too fiery, into extravagant paſſions of Anger, and Acts, of which our Reaſon, when ſober, was aſhamed. But for my Cruelty I have ſome Excuſe. Fear of Puniſhment was in the hearts of my barbarous Subjects the only Principle of Obedience. They could not be governed with a mild curb and gentle hand. To make them reſpect the Royal Authority, it was neceſſary to arm it with Thunder and Lightning, and all the Terrors of Rage. You had a pliant People to govern, a People, whoſe poliſhed and delicate minds could be ruled, like a fine managed Horſe, with an eaſy and gentle Rein. Your Praiſe was a ſpur ſufficient to excite them to obey your commands, and run the Race of Glory with all their ſtrength. The fear of ſhame did more with them than the Fear of the *Knout* could do with the Ruſſians. Your Government might be therefore leſs rigid than mine; and the Ferocity of my Nature was in ſome degree neceſſary to the great Work I had to perform. But what Excuſe can you find for the Cruelties which you exerciſed on your *Proteſtant* ſubjects? They had been ever obedient and affectionate to you.

They

They deſired nothing but to live under the protection of Laws you yourſelf had confirmed; and they repaid that Protection by the moſt hearty Zeal for your ſervice. Yet theſe did you force, by the moſt inhuman ſeverities, either to quit the Religion in which they were bred, and which their conſciences ſtill retained, or to leave their native Land, and endure all the Woes of perpetual Exile. It makes one ſhudder to think, that ſuch Orders could come from a gay poliſhed Court, from a King engaged in all the elegant pleaſures which humanize and ſoften the Heart; that ſuch Orders, I ſay, ſhould be given by Him, as the moſt ſavage Tartars could hardly have executed, without Remorſe and Compaſſion!

LOUIS.

It was not my Nature, but my Religion, that dictated theſe ſeverities. My Confeſſor told me, they would atone for all my ſins.

PETER.

In defending yourſelf you condemn your Religion. Had I believed in my Patriarch, as you believed in your Prieſt, I ſhould not have been the great King that I was.—But I will preſs you no farther upon that Matter.

We

We have both been illuſtrious in different Ways. The Memory of us both is dear to our ſubjects, and they are proud of having obeyed us, which is the higheſt praiſe to a King. But there is this capital Diſtinction between us. The Pomp and Pageantry of ſtate were neceſſary to your Greatneſs: Mine was independent of thoſe outward Trappings. I was great in myſelf, great in the Energy and Powers of my Mind, great in the ſuperiority and *ſovereignty* of my ſoul over all other Men.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

PLATO — FENELON.

PLATO.

WELCOME to Elyſium, O Thou, the moſt pure, the moſt gentle, the moſt refined Diſciple of Philoſophy that the World, in the modern times, has produced! Sage Fenelon, welcome! — I need not name myſelf to you. Our ſouls muſt by ſympathy know one another.

FENELON.

I know you to be Plato, the moſt amiable of all the Diſciples of Socrates, and the Philoſopher of all Antiquity whom I the moſt deſired to reſemble.

PLATO.

Homer and Orpheus are very impatient to ſee you in that region of theſe happy Fields which

which their ſhades inhabit. They both acknowledge you to be a great Poet, tho' you have never written a Verſe. And they are now buſy in weaving for you unfading wreaths of the fineſt and ſweeteſt Elyſian Flowers. But I will lead you from Them to the ſacred Grove of Philoſophy, on the higheſt Hill of Elyſium, where the Air is moſt pure and moſt ſerene. I will conduct you to the Fountain of Wiſdom, in which you will ſee, as in your own Writings, the fair Image of Virtue perpetually reflected. It will raiſe in you more Love than was felt by Narciſſus, when he ſaw his own face in the unruffled ſpring. But you ſhall not pine, as he did, for a ſhadow. The Goddeſs herſelf ſhall meet your Embraces and mix with your Soul.

FENELON.

I find you retain the ſame Allegorical and Poetical Style, which you were ſo fond of in ſome of your Writings. Mine run ſometimes into Poetry too, particularly in my *Telemachus*, which I meant to make a kind of Epic Compoſition. But I dare not rank myſelf among the great Poets, nor pretend to any Equality in Oratory with You, the moſt eloquent of Philoſophers,

on whoſe Lips the Attic Bees diſtilled all their Honey.

PLATO.

The French Language is not ſo harmonious as the Greek: Yet You have given a Sweetneſs and Melody to it, which equally charms the Ear and the Heart. When one reads your Compoſitions, one thinks that one hears Apollo's Lyre, ſtrung by the hands of the Graces, and tuned by the Muſes. The Idea of a *perfect King*, which you have exhibited in your *Telemachus*, far excels, in my own Judgment, my imaginary *Republic*. Your *Dialogues* breathe the pure ſpirit of Virtue, of unaffected Good Senſe, of juſt Criticiſm, of fine Taſte. They are in general as ſuperior to your Countryman Fontenelle's, as Reaſon is to Falſe Wit, or Truth to Affectation. The greateſt Fault of them is that ſome are too ſhort.

FENELON.

It has been objected to them, and I am ſenſible of it myſelf, that they are too full of *Common-place Morals*. But I wrote them for the inſtruction of a young Prince: and one cannot too ſtrongly imprint on the Minds of thoſe who are born to rule over Nations the moſt ſimple Truths: becauſe, as they grow up, the Flattery of a Court will

will try to diſguiſe and hide from them thoſe Truths, and to eradicate from their Hearts the Love of their Duty, if it has not taken there a very deep Root.

PLATO.

It is indeed the peculiar Misfortune of Princes, that they are often inſtructed with very great care in the Refinements of Policy, and not taught the firſt Principles of Moral Obligations, or taught ſo ſuperficially, that the *virtuous Man* is ſoon loſt in the *corrupt Politician.* But the Leſſons you gave your young Prince are ſo graced by the charms of your Eloquence, that the oldeſt and wiſeſt Men may read them with pleaſure. All your Works are embelliſhed with a ſublime and agreeable Imagination, which gives to Simplicity Elegance, and Dignity to the moſt vulgar and obvious Truths. I have heard, indeed, that your Countrymen are leſs ſenſible of the Beauty of your Genius and Style than ſome of their Neighbours. What has ſo much depraved their Taſte?

FENELON.

That which depraved the Taſte of the Romans after the Age of Auguſtus; an

immoderate Love of *Wit*, of *Paradox*, of *Refinement*. The Works of their Writers like the faces of their Women, muſt be painted and adorned with artificial Embelliſhments to attract their Regards. And thus the natural Beauty is loſt. But it is no wonder if few of them eſteem my *Telemachus* in a Political Light; the Maxims inculcated there being ſuch as they think inconſiſtent with the Grandeur of their Monarchy, and with the Splendour of a refined and opulent Nation. They ſeem to be falling into Opinions, that the chief End of Society is to procure men the pleaſures of Luxury; that an elegant Taſte of voluptuous Enjoyments is the perfection of Merit; and that a King, who is gallant, magnificent, liberal, who builds a fine Palace, who furniſhes it well with Statues and Pictures, who encourages the fine Arts, and makes them ſubſervient to every modiſh Vice, who has a reſtleſs Ambition, a perfidious Policy, and a Spirit of Conqueſt, is better for them than a Numa, or a Marcus Aurelius. Whereas, to check the Exceſſes of Luxury, thoſe Exceſſes I mean which enfeeble the Spirit and Strength of a Nation; to eaſe the People, as much as is poſſible, of the Burthen of Taxes; to give them the Bleſſings of

Peace

Peace and Tranquillity, when they can be obtained without Loſs or Diſhonour; to make them frugal, and hardy, and maſculine in the temper of their Bodies and Minds, that they may be the fitter for War when it does come upon them; but above all to watch over their Morals, and diſcourage whatever may taint or corrupt them, is the great Buſineſs of Government, and ought to be always the principal Object of wiſe Legiſlatures. Certainly *that is the happieſt Country, which has moſt Virtue in it:* and to the Eye of right Reaſon the pooreſt Swiſs Canton is a much nobler State than the Kingdom of France, if it has more Liberty, better Morals, a more ſettled Tranquillity, more Moderation in Proſperity, more Firmneſs in Danger.

PLATO.

Your Notions are juſt, and if your Country explodes them ſhe will not be long the Firſt Nation in Europe. Her Declenſion is begun, her Ruin approaches.—But leſt you ſhould think, from the Praiſe I have given you, that Flattery can find a place in Elyſium, allow me to lament, with the grief of a Friend, that a Man ſo ſuperior to all other Follies could give into the *Reveries* of a

Madame Guyon, a diſtracted Enthuſiaſt. How ſtrange was it to ſee *the two great Lights of France*, You and the Biſhop of Meaux, engaged in a Controverſy, whether a *Madwoman* was a *Heretic*, or a *Saint!*

FENELON.

I confeſs my own Weakneſs, and the Ridiculouſneſs of the Diſpute. But did not you alſo give into ſome *Reveries* about *Divine Love*, in which you talked unintelligibly, even to yourſelf?

PLATO.

I *felt* ſomething more than I could *expreſs*.

FENELON.

I had my *Feelings* too, as fine and as lively as your's. But we ſhould both have done better to have avoided thoſe ſubjects, in which *ſentiment* took the place of *cool Reaſon* and *ſober Truth*.

DIALOGUE IV.

Mr. ADDISON — Dr. SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT.

SURELY, Addiſon, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the Fool (a humour her Ladyſhip, as well as moſt other Ladies of very great Quality, is frequently in) when ſhe made you *a Miniſter of State*, and me *a Divine!*

ADDISON.

I muſt confeſs we were both of us out of our Elements. But you don't mean to inſinuate, that, if our deſtinies had been reverſed, all would have been right?

SWIFT.

Yes, I do. — You would have made an excellent Biſhop, and I ſhould have governed Great Britain, as I did Ireland, with an abſolute Sway, while I talked of nothing but Liberty, Property, and ſo forth.

ADDISON.

You governed the Mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A Nation and a Mob are different Things.

SWIFT.

Ay; ſo you fellows that have no Genius for Politics may ſuppoſe. But there are times, when by putting himſelf at the head of the Mob, an able Man may get to the head of the Nation. Nay, there are times, when the Nation itſelf is a Mob, and may be treated as ſuch by a ſkilful Obſerver.

ADDISON.

I don't deny the Truth of your Axiom. But is there no danger, that, from the Viciſſitudes of Human Affairs, the Favourite of the Mob ſhould be mobbed in his turn?

SWIFT.

Sometimes there may: but I riſked it; and it anſwered my Purpoſe. Aſk the Lord Lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me, inſtead of my courting them, whether they did not feel my ſuperiority. And if I could make myſelf ſo conſiderable, when I was only a dirty Dean of St. Patrick's,

Patrick's, without a Seat in either Houſe of Parliament, what ſhould I have done, if Fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a Gown, and in a ſituation to make myſelf heard in the Houſe of Lords or of Commons?

ADDISON.

You would doubtleſs have done very marvellous Acts! Perhaps you might have then been as zealous a Whig as Lord Wharton himſelf. Or, if the Whigs had offended *the Stateſman*, as they unhappily did *the Doctor*, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me aſk you one Queſtion between you and me. If you had been Firſt Miniſter under that Prince, would you have tolerated the Proteſtant Religion, or not —?

SWIFT.

Ha! Mr. Secretary; are you witty upon me? Do you think, becauſe Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great Man in the State, that he could alſo make you as great in Wit, as Nature made me? No, no; Wit is like Grace, it muſt come *from above*. You can no more get *that* from the King, than My Lords the Biſhops can *the other*.

other. And tho' I will own you had ſome, yet believe me, my Friend, it was no Match for mine. I think you have not Vanity enough to pretend to a Competition with me.

ADDISON.

I have been often told by my Friends that I was rather too modeſt. So, if you pleaſe, I will not decide this diſpute for myſelf, but refer it to Mercury, the God of Wit, who happens juſt now to be coming this way, with a Soul he has newly brought to the Shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A queſtion of Precedence in the Claſs of Wit and Humour, over which you preſide, having ariſen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave ——

MERCURY— Dr. Swift, I rejoice to ſee you — How does my old Lad? How does honeſt *Lemuel Gulliver?* Have you been in *Lilliput* lately, or in the *flying Iſland*, or with your good nurſe *Glumdalclitch?* Pray when did you *eat a cruſt with Lord Peter?* Is *Jack* as mad ſtill as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almoſt got well *by more gentle Uſage.* If he had but more *Food* he would be as much in his Senſes as *Brother Martin* himſelf.

himſelf. But *Martin*, they tell me, has ſpawned a ſtrange brood of fellows called *Methodiſts*, *Moravians*, *Hutchinſonians*, who are madder than *Jack* was in his worſt days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be *at them*. They would be excellent food for your Tooth; and a ſharp Tooth it was, as ever was placed in the Gum of a Mortal; ay, and a ſtrong one too. The hardeſt food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickeſt ſkulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's Teeth: one ſhould not have thought it belonged to a Man —— Mr. Addiſon, I beg your pardon, I ſhould have ſpoken to you ſooner; but I was ſo ſtruck with the ſight of the Doctor, that I forgot for a time the reſpects due to you.

SWIFT.

Addiſon, I think our diſpute is decided, before the Judge has heard the cauſe.

ADDISON.

I own it is, in your favour, and I ſubmit —— but ——

MERCURY —— Don't be diſcouraged, Friend Addiſon. Apollo perhaps would have given a different Judgment. I am a Wit, and a Rogue, and a foe to all Dignity.

nity. Swift and I naturally like one another. He worſhips me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer. But yet, I aſſure you, I have a great value for you.——*Sir Roger de Coverley*, *Will Honeycomb*, *Will Wimble*, *the Country-gentleman in the Freeholder*, and twenty more characters, drawn with the fineſt Strokes of natural Wit and Humour in your excellent Writings, ſeat you very high in the Claſs of *my Authors*, though not quite ſo high as the Dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the Decency of your Nature and Cautiouſneſs of your Judgment would have given you leave. But, if in the force and ſpirit of his Wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant Graces; in the fine touches of delicate ſentiment; in developing the ſecret ſprings of the Soul; in ſhewing all the mild lights and ſhades of a character; in marking diſtinctly every line, and every ſoft gradation of tints, which would eſcape the common Eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the ſhade even of the greateſt ſimplicity, or the moſt ridiculous weakneſſes; ſo that we are forced to admire, and feel

that

that we *venerate*, even while we are laughing! Swift could do nothing that approaches to this. — He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a maſterly hand: but there was all his power; and, if I am to ſpeak as a *God*, a worthleſs power it is. Your's is divine. It tends to improve and exalt human nature.

SWIFT.

Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to ſay a word for myſelf) do you think that my Talent was of no uſe to *correct* human Nature? Is Whipping of no Uſe to mend haughty Boys?

MERCURY — Men are not ſo patient of Whipping as Boys; and I ſeldom have known *a rough Satiriſt* mend them. But I will allow that you have done ſome Good in that way, though not half ſo much as Addiſon did in his. And now you are *here*, if Pluto and Proſerpine would take my advice, they ſhould diſpoſe of you both in this Manner. — When any Hero comes hither from Earth who wants to be humbled, (as moſt Heroes do) they ſhould ſet Swift upon him, to bring him down. The ſame good Office he may frequently do to a Saint ſwoln too much with the Wind of ſpiritual

ſpiritual Pride; or to a Philoſopher vain of his Wiſdom and Virtue. He will ſoon ſhew the firſt, that he cannot be Holy, without being Humble; and the laſt, that with all his boaſted Morality, he is but a better kind of *Yahoo*. I would alſo have him apply his *anticoſmetic* Waſh to the painted face of female Vanity, and his Rod, which draws blood at every ſtroke, to the hard back of inſolent Folly or petulant Wit. But you, Mr. Addiſon, ſhould be employed to comfort and raiſe the ſpirits of thoſe, whoſe good and noble Souls are dejected with a Senſe of ſome infirmities in their nature. To them you ſhould hold your fair and charitable Mirrour, which would bring to their ſight all their hidden Perfections, caſt over the reſt a ſoftening ſhade, and put them in a temper fit for Elyſium. — Adieu: I muſt now return to my Buſineſs above.

DIALOGUE V.

ULYSSES — CIRCE.

In CIRCE's *Iſland* *.

CIRCE.

YOU will go then, Ulyſſes; but why will you go? I deſire you to ſpeak the thoughts of your Heart. Speak without reſerve.—What carries you from me?

ULYSSES.

Pardon, Goddeſs, the Weakneſs of human Nature. My Heart will ſigh for my

* N. B. This can't be properly called a Dialogue of the Dead; but there is one of the ſame kind among Cambray's *Dialogues*, between Ulyſſes and his companion Grillus, when turned to a Boar by the enchantments of Circe, and two or three others, ſuppoſed to have paſt between Perſons alive.

Country.

Country. It is a Tenderneſs which all my Attachment to you cannot overcome.

CIRCE.

This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: But what do you fear? My Terrors are gone. The proudeſt Goddeſs on Earth, when ſhe has favoured a Mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her Divinity and Power at his Feet.

ULYSSES.

It may be ſo, while there ſtill remains in her heart the fondneſs of Love, or in her mind the fear of ſhame. But you, Circe, are above thoſe vulgar Senſations.

CIRCE.

I underſtand your Caution; it belongs to your Character: and therefore, to take all Diffidence from you, I ſwear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your Friends, for any thing which you ſay, though it ſhould offend me ever ſo much; but will ſend you away with all Marks of my Friendſhip. Tell me now truly, what pleaſures you hope to enjoy in the barren Iſland of Ithaca, which can compenſate for

for thoſe you leave in this Paradiſe, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

ULYSSES.

The Pleaſures of Virtue; the ſupreme Happineſs of doing Good. Here I do nothing. My Mind is in a Palſy. Its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into Action again, that I may employ thoſe Talents and Virtues, which I have cultivated from the earlieſt Days of my Youth. Toils and Cares fright not me. They are the Exerciſe of my Soul; they keep it in Health and in Vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than theſe vacant Groves. There I could reap the bright Harveſt of Glory; here I am hid from the Eyes of Mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The Image of *my former ſelf* haunts and ſeems to upbraid me, whereever I go. I meet it under the gloom of every ſhade: it even intrudes itſelf into your Preſence, and chides me from your Arms. O Goddeſs, unleſs you have power to lay that troubleſome Spirit, unleſs you can make mē forget myſelf, I cannot be happy here, I ſhall every day be more wretched.

CIRCE.

May not a wiſe and good Man, who has ſpent all his Youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the reſt of his days in Quiet and Pleaſure.

ULYSSES.

No Retreat can be honourable to a wiſe and good Man, but in company with the Muſes. I am deprived of that ſacred Society here. The Muſes will not inhabit the Abodes of Voluptuouſneſs and ſenſual pleaſure. How can I ſtudy, how can I think, while ſo many Beaſts (and the worſt Beaſts I know are Men turned into Beaſts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

CIRCE.

There is ſomething in this: but this is not all. You ſuppreſs the ſtrongeſt reaſon that draws you to Ithaca. There is another Image, beſides that of *your former ſelf*, which appears to you in all parts of this Iſland; which follows your Walks; which interpoſes itſelf between you and me, and chides you from my Arms. It is Penelope,

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, I know it is. — Don't pretend to deny it. You ſigh for Her in my boſom itſelf.— And yet ſhe is not an Immortal.— She is not, as I am, endowed with the Gift of unfading Youth. Several Years have paſt ſince her's has been faded. I think without Vanity that ſhe was never ſo handſome as I. But what is ſhe now?

ULYSSES.

You have told me yourſelf, in a former converſation, when I enquired of you about her, that ſhe is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years Abſence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her Youth and her Beauty. How much muſt her Conſtancy have been tried ſince that time! How meritorious is her Fidelity! Shall I reward her with Falſhood? Shall I forget her, who can't forget me; who has nothing ſo dear to her as my Remembrance?

CIRCE.

Her Love is preſerved by the continual Hope of your ſpeedy Return. Take that Hope from her. Let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your Abode here with me, that you have

fixed it for ever. Let her know that ſhe is free to diſpoſe of her Heart and her Hand as ſhe pleaſes. Send my Picture to her; bid her compare it with her own Face. — If all this does not cure her of the remains of her Paſſion, if you don't hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I underſtand nothing of Womankind.

ULYSSES.

O cruel Goddeſs! why will you force me to tell you thoſe Truths I wiſh to conceal? If by ſuch unjuſt, ſuch barbarous Uſage, I could loſe her Heart, it would break mine. How ſhould I endure the torment of thinking, that I had wronged ſuch a Wife? What could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Don't frown, Circe; I own (ſince you will have me ſpeak) I own *You* could not. — With all your Pride of immortal Beauty, with all your magical Charms to aſſiſt thoſe of Nature, you are not ſuch a powerful Charmer as ſhe. You feel *Deſire*, and you give it: but you never felt *Love*, nor can you inſpire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a Beaſt? Penelope raiſed me into a Hero. Her Love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my Mind. She bid

bid me go to the Siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worſe than Death to herſelf. She bid me expoſe myſelf there to all Perils among the foremoſt Heroes of Greece, though her poor Heart trembled to think of the leaſt I ſhould meet, and would have given all its own blood to ſave a drop of mine. Then there was ſuch a conformity in all our Inclinations! When Minerva taught me the leſſons of Wiſdom ſhe loved to be preſent; ſhe heard, ſhe retained the moral Inſtructions, the ſublime truths of Nature: She gave them back to me ſoftened and ſweetened with the peculiar Graces of her own Mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of Poetry, when we read together the Poems of Orpheus, Muſæus, and Linus, with what Taſte did ſhe mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She ſeemed herſelf to be the Muſe who had inſpired thoſe Verſes, and had tuned their Lyres to infuſe into the Hearts of Mankind the Love of Wiſdom and Virtue, and the Fear of the Gods. How beneficent was ſhe, how good to my People! What care did ſhe take to inſtruct them in the finer and more elegant Arts; to relieve the Neceſſities of the Sick and the Aged;

to ſuperintend the Education of Children; to do my Subjects every good Office of kind Interceſſion; to lay before me their Wants, to aſſiſt their Petitions, to mediate for thoſe who were Objects of Mercy, to ſue for thoſe who deſerved the favours of the Crown. And ſhall I baniſh myſelf for ever from ſuch a Conſort? Shall I give up her Society for the brutal Joys of a ſenſual Life, keeping indeed the form of a Man, but having loſt the human Soul, or at leaſt all its noble and godlike Powers? Oh Circe, forgive me; I can't bear the thought.

CIRCE.

Be gone — don't imagine I aſk you to ſtay. *The Daughter of the Sun* is not ſo mean-ſpirited, as to ſollicit a Mortal to ſhare her Happineſs with her. It is a Happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and deſpiſe you. That which you ſeem to value ſo much I have no Notion of. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a Jargon of Sentiments fitter for a ſilly Woman than for a Great Man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your Wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my Iſland. You ſhall have a fair Wind to carry you from

from it. After that, may every ſtorm, that Neptune can raiſe, purſue and overwhelm you. Be gone, I ſay; quit my ſight.

ULYSSES.

Great Goddeſs, I obey — but remember your Oath. —

DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY —— An Engliſh DUELLIST — A North-American SAVAGE.

The DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's Boat is on the other ſide of the Water. Allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the ſame time as you conducted me to the Shades. I never ſaw one of that *Species* before, and am curious to know what the Animal is. He looks very grim. — Pray, Sir, what is your Name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

SAVAGE.

Yes, I learnt it in my Childhood, having been bred for ſome years in the Town of New York. But, before I was a Man, I returned

returned to my Countrymen, the valiant *Mohawks*; and being cheated by one of your's in the ſale of ſome Rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the Hatchet for them with the reſt of my Tribe in the War againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a *Scalping Party*. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my Friends were victorious, and before I was ſhot I had ſcalped ſeven Men and five Women and Children. In a former War I had done ſtill greater Exploits. My Name is *the bloody Bear*: it was given me to expreſs my Fierceneſs and Valour.

DUELLIST.

Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble Servant. My Name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a Gentleman by my Birth, and by Profeſſion a Gameſter and Man of Honour. I have killed Men in fair Fighting, in honourable ſingle combat, but don't underſtand cutting the Throats of Women and Children.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

Sir, that is our way of making War. Every Nation has its own Cuſtoms. But by the Grimneſs of your Countenance, and that Hole in your Breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was myſelf, in ſome ſcalping Party. How happened it that your Enemy did not take off your Scalp?

DUELLIST.

Sir, I was killed in a Duel. A Friend of mine had lent me ſome Money. After two or three years, being in great Want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him. I thought his Demand an Affront to my Honour, and ſent him a Challenge. We met in Hide-Park. The Fellow could not fence: I was the adroiteſt Swordſman in England. I gave him three or four Wounds; but at laſt he run upon me with ſuch Impetuoſity, that he put me out of my Play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me thro' the Lungs. I died the next day, as a Man of Honour ſhould, without any ſnivelling ſigns of Repentance: and he will follow me ſoon, for his Surgeon has declared his Wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid, that his Wife is dead of her Fright, and that his Family

Family of ſeven Children will be undone by his Death. So I am well revenged, and that is a Comfort. For my Part, I had no Wife. — I always hated Marriage: my Whore will take good care of herſelf, and my Children are provided for at the Foundling Hoſpital.

SAVAGE.

Mercury, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. He has murdered his Countryman: he has murdered his Friend: I ſay, I won't go in a boat with that Fellow. I will ſwim over the River: I can ſwim like a Duck.

MERCURY.

Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the Laws of Pluto's Empire. You muſt go in the Boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE.

Don't tell me of Laws: I am a Savage: I value no Laws. Talk of Laws to the Engliſhman: there are Laws in his Country, and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his Fellow-ſubject, in time of Peace, becauſe he aſked

aſked him to pay a Debt. I know that the Engliſh are *a barbarous Nation*; but they can't be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things awful.

MERCURY.

You reaſon well againſt Him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with Murder; you, who have maſſacred Women in their Sleep, and Children in the Cradle?

SAVAGE.

I killed none but my Enemies: I never killed my own Countrymen: I never killed my Friend. — Here, take my Blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but ſee that the Murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it in the Fire I ſee yonder. Farewell. — I am reſolved to ſwim over the Water.

MERCURY.

By this touch of my Wand I take all thy Strength from thee. — Swim now if thou canſt.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

This is a very potent Enchanter. — Reſtore me my Strength, and I will obey thee.

MERCURY.

I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you: Otherwiſe worſe will befall you.

DUELLIST.

Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

SAVAGE.

I know thou art a Scoundrel.—Not pay thy Debts! kill thy Friend who lent thee Money for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

MERCURY.

Stop. — I command thee. No Violence. — Talk to him calmly.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

I muſt obey thee. — Well, Sir, let me know what Merit you had, to introduce you into good company? What could you do.

DUELLIST.

Sir, I gamed, as I told you. — Beſides, I kept a good table. — I *eat* as well as any Man in England or France.

SAVAGE.

Eat! did you ever eat the Chine of a Frenchman, or his Leg, or his Shoulder? There is *fine Eating!* I have eat twenty.— My table was always *well ſerved.* My Wife was the beſt Cook for the dreſſing of Man's Fleſh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *Eating* with mine?

DUELLIST.

I danced very finely.

SAVAGE.

I'll dance with thee for thy Ears. — I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War-Dance* with more Spirit and Vigour than any Man of my Nation. Let us ſee

thee begin it. How thou ſtandeſt like a Poſt! Has Mercury ſtruck thee with his enfeebling Rod? Or art thou aſhamed to let us ſee how aukward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou haſt not yet learnt. I'd make thee caper and leap like a Buck. But what elſe canſt thou do, thou bragging *Raſcal?*

DUELLIST.

O Heavens! muſt I bear this! What can I do with this Fellow? I have neither Sword, nor Piſtol. And his ſhade ſeems to be twice as ſtrong as mine.

MERCURY.

You muſt anſwer his Queſtions. It was your own Deſire to have a converſation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you ſome truths which you muſt hear in this Place. It would have been well for you, if you had heard them *above*. He aſked you what you could do beſides Eating and Dancing.

DUELLIST.

I ſung very agreeably.

SAVAGE.

Let me hear you ſing your *Death Song*, or the *War Whoop*. I challenge you to ſing. — The fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *Liar*. —— He tells us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST.

The Lie given me! —— and alas! I dare not reſent it. Oh what a Diſgrace to the family of the Puſhwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

MERCURY.

Here, Charon, take theſe two Savages to your Care. How far the Barbariſm of the Mohawk will excuſe his horrid Acts I leave Minos to judge. But the Engliſhman, what Excuſe can he plead? The Cuſtom of Duelling? A bad Excuſe at the beſt! but in his caſe it cannot avail. The Spirit that made him draw his Sword in this combat againſt his Friend is not that of *Honour*; it is the Spirit of the Furies, of Alecto herſelf. To her he muſt go, for ſhe hath long dwelt in his mercileſs boſom.

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the Art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this *kick on your Breech.* Get you into the Boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

DUELLIST.

Oh my Honour, my Honour, to what Infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE VII.

PLINY THE ELDER.
PLINY THE YOUNGER.

PLINY THE ELDER.

V. C. Plinii Epiſt. l. vi. ep. 20.

THE Account that you give me, Nephew, of your behaviour, amidſt the Terrors and Perils that accompanied the firſt Eruption of Veſuvius, does not pleaſe me much. There was more of Vanity in it than true Magnanimity. Nothing is Great that is unnatural and affected. When the Earth ſhook beneath you, when the Heavens were obſcured with ſulphureous Clouds full of Aſhes and Cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed Volcano, when all Nature ſeemed on the brink of Deſtruction, to be *reading Livy*, and *making Extracts*, as if all had been ſafe and quiet about you, was an abſurd

ſurd Affectation. To meet Danger with Courage is the Part of a Man; but to be inſenſible of it is brutal Stupidity; and to pretend Inſenſibility, where it cannot exiſt, is ridiculous Falſeneſs. When you afterwards refuſed to leave your aged Mother, and ſave yourſelf without her by Flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was alſo becoming a Roman, to keep up her Spirits, amidſt all the Horrors of that dreadful Scene, by ſhewing yourſelf undiſmayed and courageous. But the Merit and Glory of this Part of your Conduct is ſunk by the other, which gives an Air of Oſtentation and Vanity to the Whole.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

That vulgar Minds ſhould ſuppoſe my Attention to my Studies in ſuch a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I ſhould not much wonder. But that You would blame it as ſuch, I did not expect; You, who approached ſtill nearer than I to the fiery Storm, and died by the ſuffocating Heat of the Vapour.

PLINY THE ELDER.

I died, as a good and brave Man ought to die, in doing my Duty. Let me recall V. Epiſt. 16. l. vi.

to your Memory all the Particulars, and then you ſhall judge yourſelf on the difference of your Conduct and mine. I was the Præfect of the Roman Fleet which then lay at Miſenum. Upon the firſt Account I received of the very unuſual Cloud that appeared in the Air, I ordered a Veſſel to carry me out, to ſome diſtance from the Shore, that I might the better obſerve the Phænomenon, and try to diſcover its nature and cauſe. This I did, as a Philoſopher, and it was a Curioſity proper and natural to a ſearching, inquiſitive Mind. I offered to take you with me, and ſurely you ſhould have deſired to go; for *Livy* might have been read at any other time, and ſuch Spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic Attachment. When I came out from my Houſe, I found all the People forſaking their Dwellings, and flying to the Sea, as the ſafeſt Retreat. To aſſiſt them, and all others who dwelt on the Coaſt, I immediately ordered the Fleet to put out, and ſailed with it round the whole Bay of Naples, ſteering particularly to thoſe Parts of the Shore, where the Danger was greateſt, and from whence the Inhabitants were endeavouring to eſcape with the moſt trepidation.

pidation. Thus I ſpent the whole day, and preſerved by my care ſome thouſands of lives; noting at the ſame time, with a ſteady compoſure and Freedom of Mind, the ſeveral Forms and Phænomena of the Eruption. Towards Night, as we approached to the foot of Veſuvius, all the Gallies were covered with Aſhes and Embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then Showers of Pumice Stones and burnt and broken *Pyrites* began to fall on our heads; and we were ſtopt by the Obſtacles, which the Ruins of the Mountain had ſuddenly formed, by falling into the Sea, and almoſt filling it up, on that part of the Coaſt. I then commanded my Pilot to ſteer to the Villa of my Friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was ſituated in the inmoſt Receſs of the Bay. The Wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the Shore, as he wiſhed to have done. We were therefore conſtrained to paſs the night in his Houſe. They watched, and I ſlept; till the heaps of Pumice Stones, which fell from the Clouds, that had now been impelled to that ſide of the Bay, roſe ſo high in the Area of the Apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out, had I ſtaid any

longer; and the Earthquakes were ſo violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the Houſe. We therefore thought it more ſafe to go into the open Air, guarding our heads as well as we could with Pillows tied upon them. The Wind continuing adverſe, and the Sea very rough, we remained on the Shore, till a ſulphureous and fiery Vapour oppreſſed my weak Lungs, and ended my Life. — In all this I hope that I acted as the Duty of my Station required, and with true Magnanimity. But on this Occaſion, and in many other Parts of your Life, I muſt ſay, my dear Nephew, that there was a Vanity mixed with your Virtue which hurt and diſgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthieſt Men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the Integrity of your Heart and Greatneſs of your Sentiments. Why would you loſe the Subſtance of Glory by ſeeking the Shadow? — Your Eloquence had the ſame fault as your Manners: it was too *affected*. You profeſſed to make Cicero your Guide and your Pattern. But when one reads his Panegyric upon Julius Cæſar, in his Oration for Marcellus, and your's upon Trajan, the firſt ſeems the language of Nature and Truth, raiſed and dignified with

with all the Majesty of the most sublime Eloquence: the latter appears the studied Harangue of a florid *Rhetorician*, more desirous to *shine*, and to set off his own Wit, than to extol the great Man he was praising.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

I have too high a respect for you, Uncle, to question your Judgment either of my Life or my Writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too sollicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that Subject. Permit me therefore to return to the Subject on which we began our Conversation. What a direful Calamity was the Eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing? Don't you remember the beauty of that charming Coast, and of the Mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden Fires, that forced their way through it, and carried Desolation and Ruin over all the neighbouring Country? The foot of it was covered with Corn Fields and rich Meadows, interspersed with fine Villas, and magnificent Towns: the Sides of it were cloathed with the best Vines in Italy, producing the rich-

eſt and nobleſt Wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the Change! All was at once overwhelmed, with Aſhes, and Cinders, and fiery Torrents, preſenting to the Eye the moſt diſmal Scene of Horror and Deſtruction!

PLINY THE ELDER.

You paint it very truly. — But has it never occurred to your Mind, that this Change is an Emblem of that which muſt happen to every rich, luxurious State? While the Inhabitants of it are ſunk in Voluptuouſneſs, while all is ſmiling around them, and they think that no Evil, no Danger is nigh, the Seeds of Deſtruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a ſudden, lay waſte all their Opulence, all their Delights; till they are left a ſad Monument of Divine Wrath, and of the fatal Effects of internal Corruption.

DIALOGUE VIII.

FERNANDO CORTEZ — WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

IS it poſſible, William Penn, that you ſhould compare your Glory with mine! The Planter of a ſmall Colony in North-America preſume to vie with the great Conqueror of the Mexican Empire!

PENN.

Friend, I pretend to no Glory, — the LORD preſerve me from it. — All Glory is *his*; — but this I ſay, that I was *his Inſtrument* in a more glorious Work than that done by thee: incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

Doſt thou not know, William Penn, that with leſs than ſix hundred Spaniſh Foot, eighteen Horſe, and a few ſmall pieces of Cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable Armies of very brave Men, dethroned an Emperor who had been raiſed to the Throne by his Valour, and excelled all his Countrymen in the Science of War, as much as they excelled all the reſt of the Weſt Indian Nations? that I made him my Priſoner in his own Capital; and, after he had been depoſed by his ſubjects, vanquiſhed and took Guatimozin, his ſucceſſor, and accompliſhed my Conqueſt of the whole Empire, which I annexed to the Spaniſh Crown? Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful Acts, I ſhewed as much Courage as Alexander the Great, as much Prudence as Cæſar? That by my Policy I ranged under my Banners the powerful Commonwealth of Tlaſcala, and brought them to ſerve me in ſubduing the Mexicans, though with the loſs of their own Independence? and that, to crown my Glory, when the Governor of Cuba, Velaſquez, would have taken my Command from me, and ſacrificed me to his Envy

Envy and Jealouſy, I drew from him his troops and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſuperior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

PENN.

I know that thou waſt as fierce as a Lion, and as ſubtle as a Serpent. The Devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black liſt of Heroes* as Alexander or Cæſar. It is not my Buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy Rank. But hark thee, Friend Cortez — What Right hadſt thou, or the King of Spain himſelf, to the Mexican Empire? Anſwer me that.

CORTEZ.

The Pope gave it to my Maſter.

PENN.

The Devil offered to give our LORD all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and I ſuppoſe the Pope, as *his Vicar*, gave thy Maſter this: in return for which he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an Idolater as he was. But ſuppoſe the High Prieſt of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Motezuma, would his Right have been good?

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

Theſe are Queſtions of Caſuiſtry, which it is not the buſineſs of a Soldier to decide. We leave that to Gownſmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what Right had you to the Province you ſettled?

PENN.

An honeſt Right of fair Purchaſe. We gave the Indians ſome Things which they wanted from Us, and they gave us Lands which they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood ſhed to ſtain our Acquiſition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little *Fraud* in the Purchaſe. Thy Followers, William Penn, are ſaid to think cheating in a quiet and ſober way no mortal ſin.

PENN.

The Saints are always calumniated by the Ungodly. But it was a Sight for an Angel to behold with delight, to ſee the Colony which I ſettled! To ſee us living among the Indians like innocent Lambs, not devouring them like ravenous Wolves, as

thou

thou didſt and thy bloody Companions! To ſee the whole Country, that was before a wild Deſert, made as fertile and fair as the Garden of GOD! O Fernando Cortez, Fernando Cortez! didſt thou leave Mexico in that State? No, thou hadſt turned that fertile and populous Region into a Deſert, a Deſert flooded with Blood. Doſt thou remember that horrid Scene, when the noble Emperor Guatimozin was ſtretched by thy Soldiers on hot burning Coals, to make him diſcover into what part of the Mexican Lake he had thrown the Royal Treaſures? Are not his Groans ever ſounding in the ears of thy Conſcience? Do not they rend thy hard Heart, and ſtrike thee with more Horror than the Yells of the Furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not preſent when that dire Act was done. Had I been there I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou waſt the Captain of that Band of Robbers, who did this horrid Deed. Thou hadſt enabled them to commit it by the advantage they drew from thy Counſels and Conduct. And thy Skill ſaved them afterwards

wards from the Vengeance that was due to ſo enormous a Crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly puniſhed them for it, if they had not had thee for their General, thou *Lieutenant of Satan.*

CORTEZ.

The *Saints* I find can *rail*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preſerve this fine Colony which you have ſettled? If the Indians ſhould always continue at peace with your Succeſſors there, the French will not. Are the Inhabitants of Penſylvania to make war againſt *them* with Prayers and with Preaching? If ſo, that Garden of GOD which you ſay you have planted, will ſoon be their Prey, and they will take from you your Property, Laws, and Religion.

PENN.

The LORD's Will be done. The LORD will defend us, if it be his good Pleaſure.

CORTEZ.

Is this the Wiſdom of a great Legiſlator! I have heard ſome of your Countrymen compare you to Solon! Did Solon, think you, give Laws to a People, and leave thoſe Laws and that People expoſed

to

to the Mercy of every Invader? The firſt Buſineſs of Legiſlature is to provide a military Strength that may ſecure the whole Fabric and Syſtem from Ruin. If a Houſe is built in a land of Robbers, without a Gate, or a Bolt, or a Bar to defend it from their Attempts, what matters it how well-proportioned, or how commodious the Architecture of it may be? Is it richly furniſhed within? the more it will tempt the Robbers to come, and plunder its Wealth. The World, William Penn, is all a Land of Robbers. Any State or Commonwealth erected therein muſt be well fenced and ſecured by good military Inſtitutions; or the finer, the wiſer, the happier it is in all other reſpects, the greater will be its Danger, the more ſure its Deſtruction. Perhaps the neighbouring Engliſh Colonies may for a while protect your's from the Indians and French; but that precarious Security cannot always preſerve you. Your Plan of Government muſt be changed, or your Colony will be loſt.

PENN.

Theſe are Suggeſtions of Human Wiſdom. The Doctrines I held were *inſpired*; they came *from above*.

CORTEZ.

CORTEZ.

It is blaſphemy to ſay, *that any Folly could come from the Fountain of Wiſdom.* Whatever is inconſiſtent with the great Laws of Nature, and with the neceſſary State of Human Society, cannot be inſpired by the Divinity. Self-defence is as neceſſary to Nations as Men. And ſhall Particulars have a Right which Nations have not? True Religion, William Penn, is the Perfection of Reaſon. Fanaticiſm is the Diſgrace, the Deſtruction of Reaſon.

PENN.

Though what thou ſayeſt ſhould be true, it does not come well from thy unhallowed Mouth. A *Papiſt* talk of *Reaſon!* Go to the Inquiſition, and tell them of *Reaſon* and *the great Laws of Nature.* They will broil thee, as thy Soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why doſt thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquiſition, or the name of Guatimozin that troubles thy Soul? O wretched Man! who waſt an Inſtrument to carry into ſo vaſt a part of America that helliſh Tribunal. Tremble and ſhake when thou thinkeſt, that every Murder

Murder which they have committed, every Torture they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is owing to thee. Thou muſt anſwer to GOD for all their Inhumanity, all their Injuſtice. What wouldſt thou give to part with the Renown of thy Wars and thy Conqueſts, and to have a conſcience as pure and unſullied as mine?

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy Words. They pierce me like Daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I remember the Ills I have cauſed. — Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the Glory of GOD, and propagate in the remoteſt Parts of the Earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well deſigning and pious Error. Thou too wilt have need of that gracious Indulgence; though not, I own, ſo much as I.

PENN.

Aſk thy Heart, whether Ambition was not thy real Motive, and Zeal the Pretence?

COREZ.

Aſk thine, whether thy Zeal had no worldly Views, and whether thou didſt believe all the Nonſenſe of the Sect thou waſt pleaſed to eſpouſe. Adieu. — Self-Examination requires Retirement.

DIALOGUE IX.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO.
MESSALLA CORVINUS.

CATO.

OH Meſſalla!—is it then poſſible that what ſome of our Countrymen tell me ſhould be true? Is it poſſible that you could live the Courtier of Octavius, that you could accept of Employments and Honours from him, from the Tyrant of your Country; you, the brave, the noble-minded, the virtuous Meſſalla; you, whom, I remember, my Son-in-law Brutus has often extolled as the moſt promiſing Youth in Rome, tutored by Philoſophy, trained up in Arms, ſcorning all thoſe ſoft Pleaſures that reconcile Men to an eaſy and indolent Servitude, fit for the roughest taſks of Honour and Virtue, fit to live or to *die* a Freeman?

MESSALLA.

Cato, I revere both your Life and your Death: but the laſt, I am ſure, did no Good to your Country, and the former would have done more, if you could have mitigated a little the ſternneſs of your Virtue, I will not ſay, of your Pride. For my own part, I adhered with conſtant Integrity to the Republic, while ſhe exiſted. I fought for her at Philippi, under the only Commander, who, if he had conquered, would have conquered for Her, not for himſelf. When he was dead, I ſaw nothing remained to my Country but the Choice of a Maſter. I choſe the beſt.

CATO.

The beſt! — What, a Man who had broken all Laws, who had violated all Truſts, who had led the Armies of the Commonwealth againſt Antony, and then joined with him and that ſottiſh Traitor Lepidus, to ſet up a Triumvirate more execrable by far than either of the former; ſhed the beſt blood in Rome by inhuman Proſcriptions; murdered even his own Guardian; murdered Cicero, to whoſe confidence, too weakly given, he owed all his Power!

Was

Was this the Man you choſe for your Maſter? Could you bring your tongue to give him the name of *Auguſtus?* Could you ſtoop to beg Conſulſhips and Triumphs from him? Oh Shame to Virtue! O Degeneracy of Rome! To what infamy are her Sons, her nobleſt Sons, fallen! The thought of it pains me more than the Wound that I died of: it ſtabs my Soul.

MESSALLA.

Moderate, Cato, the vehemence of your Indignation. There has always been too much Paſſion mixed with your Virtue. The Enthuſiaſm you are poſſeſſed with is of the moſt noble kind; but it diſturbs and blinds your Judgment. Hear me with Patience, and with the Tranquillity that becomes a Philoſopher. It is true, that Octavius had done all you ſay: but it is no leſs true, that he was the beſt Maſter Rome could then chuſe. His Mind was fitted by nature for Empire. His Underſtanding was clear, ſtrong, ſerene. His Paſſions were cool and under the abſolute Command of his Reaſon. His very Ambition was *rational*, tho' it appeared to be boundleſs. His Name and Birth gave him an Authority over the Troops and over the People, which no

other could have in an equal degree. He uſed that Authority to check and reſtrain the Exceſſes of both, which it was no longer in the Power of the Senate to repreſs, nor of any other General, or Magiſtrate in the State. He reſtored Diſcipline in our Armies, the firſt Means of Salvation, without which no legal Government could have been formed or ſupported. He avoided all odious and invidious Names. He maintained and reſpected thoſe which Time and long Habits had endeared to the Roman People. He permitted a generous freedom of Speech. He treated the Nobles of Pompey's Party as well as thoſe of his Father's, if they did not themſelves keep up the Diſtinction. He healed all the Wounds of our civil Diſſentions. He formed a Plan of Government, moderate, decent, which left the Senate its Majeſty, and ſome of its Power. He reſtored vigour and ſpirit to the Laws; he made new and good ones for the Reformation of Manners; he enforced their Execution; he governed the Empire with Lenity, Juſtice and Glory: he humbled the Pride of the Parthians; he broke the Fierceneſs of the barbarous Nations: He gave to his Country, exhauſted and languiſhing with the great Loſs of Blood, that ſhe had

had ſuſtained in the courſe of ſo many civil Wars, the Bleſſing of Peace; a Bleſſing which was become ſo neceſſary for her, that ſhe could have enjoyed no other without it. In doing theſe Things he had my Aſſiſtance. I am not aſhamed to own that he had. I am prouder of it, and I think I can much better juſtify myſelf to my Country, than if I had died by my own hand at Philippi. Believe me, Cato, it is better *to do ſome Good* than to *project a great deal.* A little practicable Virtue is of more Uſe to Society than the moſt ſublime Theory, or the beſt Principles of Government, ill applied.

CATO.

Yet I muſt think it was beneath you to join in ſupporting a Government, which though coloured and mitigated, was a Tyranny ſtill. Had you not better have gone into a voluntary Exile, where you would not have ſeen the face of the Tyrant, and where you might have practiſed thoſe private Virtues, which are all that the Gods require from good Men in certain ſituations?

MESSALLA.

No: — I did much more Good by ſtaying at Rome. Had Auguſtus required of me any thing baſe, any thing ſervile, I would have gone into Exile, I would have died, rather than do it. — But he aſked no ſuch thing. He reſpected my Virtue, he reſpected my Dignity, he uſed me as well as Agrippa, or as Mæcenas, with this diſtinction alone, that he never employed my Sword but againſt foreign Nations, or the old Enemies of the Republic.

CATO.

It muſt, I own, have been a pleaſure to be employed againſt Antony, that Monſter of Vice, who plotted the Ruin of Liberty, and the raiſing of himſelf to ſovereign Power, amidſt the Riot of Bacchanals, and in the Embraces of Harlots: who, when he had attained to that Power, delivered it up to a laſcivious Queen, and would have made an Egyptian Strumpet the Miſtreſs of Rome, if the Battle of Actium had not preſerved Us from *that laſt of Misfortunes.*

MESSALLA.

MESSALLA.

In that Battle I had a conſiderable Share. So I had in encouraging the liberal Arts, which Auguſtus protected. Under his Patronage the Muſes made Rome their Capital Seat. It would have pleaſed you to have known Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, Livy, and many more, whoſe names will be illuſtrious to all Generations.

CATO.

I underſtand you, Meſſalla. Your Auguſtus and You made Rome a Greek City, an Academy of fine Wits, another Athens under the Government of Demetrius Phalareus. I had much rather have ſeen her under Fabricius and Curius, and her other honeſt old Conſuls, who could not read.

MESSALLA.

Yet to theſe Writers ſhe will owe as much of her Glory as ſhe did to thoſe Heroes. I could ſay more, a great deal more, on the Happineſs of the Government of Auguſtus. I might even add, and with ſome weight of Reaſon, that the vaſt extent of the Empire, the Factions of the Nobility,

Nobility, and the Corruption of the People, which no Laws under the ordinary Magiſtrates of the State were able to reſtrain, ſeemed to require ſome change in the Government: That Cato himſelf, had he been upon Earth, could have done us no Good, unleſs he would have yielded to become *our Prince*: But I ſee you conſider me as a Deſerter from the Republic, and an Apologiſt for a Tyrant. I therefore leave you to your own Meditations.

DIALOGUE X.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden.
Chancellor OXENSTIERN.

CHRISTINA.

YOU ſeem to avoid me, Oxenſtiern; and now we are met, you don't pay me the Reverence due to your Queen! Have you forgotten that I was your Sovereign?

OXENSTIERN.

I am not your Subject here, Madam; but you have forgotten, that you yourſelf broke that Bond, and freed me from my Allegiance, many Years before you died, by abdicating the Crown, againſt my Advice, and the Will of your People. Reverence here is paid only to Virtue.

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA.

I ſee you have a mind to mortify me for acting againſt your Advice. But my Fame does not depend upon your Judgment. All Europe admired the Greatneſs of my Mind in reſigning a Crown, to dedicate myſelf in the Love of the Muſes, and the fine Arts; things of which you had no taſte in barbarous Sweden, the Realm of Goths and Vandals.

OXENSTIERN.

There is ſcarce any Mind *too great* for a Crown; but there are many *too little*. Are you ſure, Madam, it was Magnanimity, that cauſed you to fly from the Government of a Kingdom, which your Anceſtors, and particularly your heroic Father, Guſtavus, had ruled with ſuch Glory?

CHRISTINA.

Am I ſure of it? Yes: —— and to confirm my own Judgment, I have that of many learned Men and *Beaux Eſprits* of all Countries, who have celebrated my Action as the perfection of Heroiſm.

OXENSTIERN.

OXENSTIERN.

Thoſe *Beaux Eſprits* judged according to their favourite Paſſion. I have heard young Ladies admire Mark Antony for heroically leaving his fleet at the Battle of Actium, to follow his Miſtreſs, and loſing the World for a Woman. Your Paſſion for Literature had much the ſame effect upon you. But why did not you indulge it in a way more becoming your Birth and your Rank? Why did not you bring the Muſes to Sweden, inſtead of running from thence to ſeek them in Rome? For a Prince to encourage and protect Arts and Sciences, and more eſpecially to inſtruct an illiterate People, and inſpire them with Knowledge, fine Taſte, and Politeneſs, is an Act of true Greatneſs.

CHRISTINA.

The Swedes were too groſs to be refined by any Culture which I could have given to their half-frozen Souls. Wit and Genius require the Influence of a warmer and more Southern Climate.

OXENSTIERN.

The Swedes too groſs! No, Madam: not even the Ruſſians are too groſs to be

refined, if they had a great Prince at their Head, to inſtruct them. The Swedes have ſharp Wits, as keen as their Climate. They want nothing but Peace and good Maſters to form them: if once they have thoſe, they will make as great a figure in Science as Arms.

CHRISTINA.

It was too tedious a Work for the Vivacity of my Temper to poliſh Bears into Men: I ſhould have died of the Spleen before I had made any Proficiency in it. My Deſire was to ſhine among thoſe who were able to judge of my Talents. At Paris, at Rome, I had the Glory of ſhewing the French and Italian Wits, that the North could produce *one* not inferior to them. They ſaw me with Wonder. The Homage I had received in my Court at Stockholm was paid to my *Dignity*: that which I drew from the French and Roman Academies was paid to my *Talents*. How much more glorious, how much more delightful was that Homage than the other! Could you have felt the Joy of my Heart, when I ſaw the greateſt Authors, in the moſt learned and civilized Countries of Europe, bringing their Works to me, and ſubmitting

the Merit of them to my Deciſions; when I ſaw the Philoſophers, the Hiſtorians, the Poets, the Rhetoricians, the Painters, the Sculptors, making my Judgment the meaſure of their Reputation; you would not wonder that I preferred the Empire of Wit to all other Empire, but eſpecially to the contracted Dominions of Sweden.

OXENSTIERN.

O Great Guſtavus! my ever honoured, my adored Maſter! O greateſt of Kings, greateſt in Valour, in Virtue, in Wiſdom, with what Indignation muſt thy noble Soul have looked down from that Heaven where thou art enthroned, on thy unworthy, degenerate Daughter! With what ſhame muſt thou have ſeen her rambling about from Court to Court, deprived of her Royal Dignity, debaſed into a Pedant, a Witling, a Smatterer in Sculpture and Painting, reduced to beg or buy flattery from each needy Poet, or hireling Rhetorician! My Heart bleeds when I think of this Infamy, this foul Stain to thy Royal Blood, illuſtrious Prince! And yet —— would to GOD! would to GOD! this was all the Pollution it ſuffered!

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA.

Dareſt thou, Oxenſtiern, dareſt thou impute any Blemiſh to my Honour? I think thou haſt not the Inſolence even to hint to me the affront of ſuch a Suſpicion.

OXENSTIERN.

Madam, the World ſcarce reſpects the frailties of Queens when they are on their Thrones; much leſs when they have thought fit to level themſelves to the rank of the Vulgar. And if their fame has ſuffered unjuſtly by ſcandalous tongues, the way to clear it is not by an *aſſaſſination*.

CHRISTINA.

Oh! that I were alive again and reſtored to my Throne, that I might puniſh the Audaciouſneſs of this hoary Traitor!—But, ſee! he leaves me, he turns his back on me with cool Contempt!—Alas! do I not deſerve that Contempt? In ſpite of myſelf I muſt own that I do. —— O Vanity, how ſhort-lived are the pleaſures thou giveſt! I was thy Votary: Thou waſt the God for whom I changed my Religion. For thee I forſook my Country, my Throne. What haſt thou paid me back for the Sacrifices I made

made thee? Some Puffs of Incenſe from Authors, who either thought their Flattery due to the Rank I had held, or hoped to advance themſelves by my Recommendation, or, at beſt, over-rated my Paſſion for Literature, and praiſed me, to raiſe the Value of Talents in which they excelled. But in the thoughts of *wiſe Men* I ſtand very low; and *their thoughts alone are the true meaſure of Glory*. Nothing, I find, can give the Mind laſting joy, or Self-Approbation, but the Conſciouſneſs of having performed our Duty well in that Station, which it has pleaſed the Divine Providence to aſſign to us. The Glory of Virtue is ſolid and eternal: All other Fame muſt fade away ſoon, like a thin painted Cloud, on which the caſual glance of ſome faint beams of light has imprinted their weak and tranſient Colours.

DIALOGUE XI.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.
PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

TITUS.

NO — Scipio: I can't give Place to you in this. — In other reſpects I acknowledge myſelf your Inferior, though I was Emperor of Rome and you only her Conſul. I think your Triumph over Carthage more glorious than mine over Judæa: but in the Triumph I gained over Love I muſt feel myſelf ſuperior to you, though your Continence and Generoſity with regard to the fair Celtiberian, your Captive, has been celebrated ſo highly.

SCIPIO.

Fame has been then unjuſt to your Merit: for my Action has made much more Noiſe

Noiſe in the World, and been the favourite topic of Eloquence in every Age and every Country.

TITUS.

It has: —— and in particular your great Hiſtorian Livy has poured forth all the Ornaments of his admirable Rhetoric to embelliſh and dignify that Part of your Story. I had a great Hiſtorian too, Cornelius Tacitus; but either from the Brevity which he affected in his manner of writing, or from the Severity of his nature, which, never having felt the Paſſion of Love, thought the ſubduing of it too eaſy a Victory to deſerve great encomiums, he has beſtowed but three Lines upon my Parting with Berenicé, which coſt me more pain, and greater efforts of Mind, than all the Toils of the Jewiſh War.

SCIPIO.

I wiſh to hear from yourſelf the Hiſtory of that Parting, and what made it ſo hard and painful to you.

TITUS.

While I ſerved in Paleſtine under the Auſpices of my Father, Veſpaſian, I became

acquainted with Berenicé, ſiſter to king Agrippa, and who was herſelf a Queen in thoſe Countries. She was the moſt beauful Woman in Aſia; but ſhe had Graces more charming ſtill than her Beauty. She had all the Inſinuation and Wit of Cleopatra, without her Coquetry. I loved her, and was beloved: ſhe loved my Perſon, not my Greatneſs. Her Tenderneſs, her Fidelity, ſo inflamed my Paſſion for her, and ſhe ſeemed ſo worthy of my Eſteem, that I gave her a Promiſe of Marriage.

SCIPIO.

What do I hear? A Roman Senator promiſe to marry a Queen!

TITUS.

I expected, Scipio, that your Ears would be ſhocked with the Sound of ſuch an Alliance. But conſider that Rome in my time was very different from Rome in your's. The Republic was in reality changed to a Monarchy. Our Emperors had not indeed the title of King, but they had the Power. The ferocious Pride of our ancient Republican Senators had bent itſelf to the obſequious Complaiſance of a Court. Why ſhould I ſuppoſe that in this Point alone

it

it would continue inflexible? I flattered myſelf that the Charms of Berenicé, and ſtill more her Virtues, would overcome an old Prejudice, which ſeemed no longer founded in reaſon, and diſpoſe my Country to approve, at leaſt not condemn, the Choice I had made. In this Hope I continued, and ſo did Berenicé, till the death of my Father. Upon that Event the Roman Empire, and (what ſhe valued more) *my Hand* was due to her by my Engagements.

SCIPIO.

The Roman Empire due to a Syrian Queen! Oh Rome, how art thou fallen! Accurſed be the Name of Octavius Cæſar, who by oppreſſing its Liberty ſo lowered the Majeſty of the Republic, that ſuch a Thought could come into the mind of a brave and a virtuous Roman, nay, of one of the beſt of thoſe Emperors that have governed the Romans ſince the change of their Conſtitution. But did you find the Senate and People ſo ſervile, ſo loſt to all Senſe of their Honour and Dignity, as to comply with your Paſſion, and to affront the great Genius of Rome, and the Eyes of her tutelary Gods, the Eyes of Jupiter

Capitolinus, with the ſight of a Queen, an Aſiatic Queen, on the Throne of the Cæſars?

TITUS.

I did not; —— they judged of it as you, Scipio, judge; they abhorred, they diſdained it. In vain did I urge to ſome of my Friends, who repreſented to me the Senſe of the Senate and People, that a Meſſalina, a Poppæa, diſhonoured the Throne of the Cæſars much more than a virtuous foreign Princeſs. Their Prejudices were unconquerable; I ſaw it was impoſſible for me to remove them. But I might have uſed my Authority to ſilence their Murmurs. A liberal Donative to the Soldiers, by whom I was loved with the fondeſt Affection, would have ſecured to me their Fidelity, and forced the Senate and People to yield to my Inclination. Berenicé knew this, and with floods of tears, more reſiſtleſs ſtill than her Smiles, implored me not to ſacrifice her Happineſs and my own to an unjuſt Prepoſſeſſion. Shall I own it to you, Africanus? My Heart not only pitied, but acknowledged the weight and the truth of her Reaſons. Yet ſo much did I abhor the Idea of Tyranny, ſo much reſpect did I

pay

pay to the Sentiments of my Subjects, that I determined to ſeparate myſelf from her for ever, rather than force either the Laws or the Prejudices of Rome to yield to my Will.

SCIPIO.

Give me thy hand, noble Titus. Thou waſt worthy of the Empire; and Scipio Africanus honours thy Virtue.

TITUS.

My Virtue can have no greater Reward. But, O Scipio, think what my Heart muſt have felt, when I took that Reſolution, and when I communicated it to my dear, my unhappy Berenicé. You ſaw the ſtruggle of Maſiniſſa, when you forced him to give up his beloved Sophoniſba. Mine was a harder Conflict. She had abandoned him to marry the King of Numidia. He knew that her ruling Paſſion was Ambition, not Love. He could not eſteem her, when ſhe quitted a Huſband, whom ſhe had ruined, who had loſt his Crown and his Liberty in the cauſe of her Country, and for her ſake, to give her Perſon to Him, the capital Foe of that wretched Huſband. He muſt, in ſpite of his Paſſion,

have thought her a falſe, deteſtable Woman. But I eſteemed Berenicé: ſhe deſerved my Eſteem. I knew ſhe would not have accepted the Empire from any other hand. Had I been a private Man, ſhe would have raiſed me to her Bed and her Throne. Yet I had the Strength, I almoſt could ſay, the *Hardneſs* of Heart, to tell her, I could not fulfil my Engagement; to bid her depart from Rome, from my ſight; depart for ever! What was your Conqueſt over yourſelf in giving back to her betrothed Lover the Celtiberian Captive, compared to this? Indeed *that* was no Conqueſt. I will not diſhonour the Virtue of Scipio ſo much as to think, that he felt any ſtruggle with himſelf when he did it. A Woman engaged to another, engaged by Affection as well as by Vows, let her have been ever ſo beautiful, could raiſe in your Heart no Sentiments but Compaſſion and Friendſhip. To have violated her would have been an Act of Brutality, which none but a Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her would have been cruel. But where Love is mutual, where the Object beloved ſuffers more in the Parting than you do yourſelf, to Part with *her*

is a Struggle indeed! It is the hardeſt Sacrifice a good Heart can make to its Duty.

SCIPIO.

I acknowledge it is, and yield you the Palm. But I will own to you, Titus, I never knew much of the Tenderneſs you deſcribe. Hannibal, Carthage, Rome, the Saving of my Country, the Subduing of its Rival, theſe filled my thoughts, and left no room there for thoſe ſofter Paſſions. I liked Women as Amuſements: but they never engaged my ſerious Attention. I do not blame your Senſibility: but, when I uſed to go to the Capitol *to talk with JOVE*, I never conſulted him about *Love-Affairs*.

TITUS.

If Ambition alone had governed my Soul, as I believe it did your's, I might have been a greater, but I ſhould not have been a more virtuous Man, nor have deſerved to be called *the Delight of Humankind*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XII.

HENRY Duke of GUISE.
MACHIAVEL.

GUISE.

AVAUNT! thou Fiend — I abhor thy Sight. — I look upon Thee as the cauſe of my Death, and of all the Calamities brought upon the French Nation, in the moſt cruel and bloody of all Civil Wars.

MACHIAVEL.

I the cauſe of your Death! You ſurprize me!

GUISE.

Yes: — Your pernicious Maxims of Policy, imported from Florence with Catherine of Medicis, your wicked Diſciple, produced in France ſuch a Government, ſuch Diſſimulation, ſuch Perfidy, ſuch violent, ruthleſs

leſs and ſanguinary Counſels, as threw that whole Kingdom into the utmoſt Confuſion, and ended my Life by the Swords of Aſſaſſins.

MACHIAVEL.

Whoever may have a right to complain of my Policy, you, Sir, have not. You owed your Greatneſs to it, and your deviating from it was the cauſe of your Death. Hear how I make out both theſe Propoſitions. If it had not been for the Aſſaſſination of Admiral Coligni and the Maſſacre of the Huguenots, the Strength and Power which that Party would have gained under the conduct of ſo able a Chief after the Death of your Father, its moſt dangerous Enemy, would have been fatal to your Greatneſs: nor could you, even with the Advantage you drew from that *great ſtroke of Royal Policy*, have acquired the Power you afterwards roſe to in the Kingdom of France, but by purſuing my Maxims; by availing yourſelf of the name of Religion to ſerve the dark Purpoſes of your Ambition; and by ſuffering no Reſtraint of Conſcience or Fear, not even the Guilt of exciting a Civil War, to ſtop you in the way to Dominion and Glory. Thus far was well, and you followed

followed my Leſſons, like a Great Man. But here you failed by not rightly obſerving thoſe Leſſons: On the Day of the *Barricades* you ſuffered the King to eſcape out of Paris, of which you were Maſter, and when it was in your power to have ſlain or depoſed him. This was againſt the great Rule of my Politics, not to ſtop ſhort in Rebellion or Treaſon till the Work is compleated. And you were juſtly cenſured for it by Pope Sixtus Quintus, a wiſe Politician, who ſaid, you ought to have known that when a Subject draws his Sword againſt his King he ſhould throw away the Scabbard. Your next Fault was another Deviation from my Rules, by putting yourſelf in the Power of a Sovereign you had ſo much offended. Why would you, againſt all the Cautions I gave, expoſe your Life in the Caſtle of Blois to the Mercy of Henry? What Mercy could you hope from him, but ſuch as you found? Impute your death therefore, not to my Maxims, but to your own Folly in acting againſt them.

GUISE.

If neither I, nor Charles the Ninth, nor Henry the Third, had ever practiſed your Maxims

Maxims at all, they would have reigned with Honour and Peace, and I ſhould have riſen by my Courage and Talents to as much Greatneſs as it befitted a Subject to ſeek. But you led us on into thoſe crooked Paths, out of which there was no Retreat without Danger, nor a Poſſibility of advancing without being execrable to all Mankind: and *whoever is ſo has all things to fear from that Deteſtation.* I will give you a Proof of this in the fate of a Prince, who ought to be your Hero; becauſe, of all Men that ever lived, he acted moſt ſteadily, according to the Rules which you have laid down, and was a much greater Man than Cæſar Borgia, on whoſe conduct you have beſtowed ſuch Encomiums; I mean Richard the Third, King of England. He ſtopped at no Crime that could be of Uſe to him: He was a Diſſembler, a Hypocrite, a Murderer in cool blood: He gained the Crown by cutting off all that ſtood in his way without Remorſe or Compaſſion. He truſted no body farther than helped his own Ends, and was conſiſtent with his own Safety. He liberally rewarded all Services done him, but would not let the Remembrance of them atone for Offences, or ſave any Man who obſtructed his Views. Nevertheleſs,

leſs, though his nature ſhrunk from no Wickedneſs which could ſerve his Ambition, he exerciſed in the higheſt degree all thoſe Virtues, both real and feigned, which you recommend to the Practice of *your Prince*. He was courageous and prudent in War, in Government juſt, ſtrict in the Execution of the Laws, and moſt careful, by an attentive and vigorous Adminiſtration, to protect the People againſt any Injuries or Oppreſſions. In all his Actions and Words there appeared the higheſt Concern for the Honour of the Nation. He was neither greedy of other Mens Wealth, nor profuſe of his own: but knew how to *give* as well as to *ſave*. He profeſſed a moſt edifying Senſe of Religion, pretended great Zeal for the Reformation of Manners, and was really temperate, ſober, and chaſte. Nor did he ſhed any Blood, but of thoſe who were Obſtacles to his Ambition, and ſuch Obſtacles, as he thought could not be removed by any other Means. This was a Prince quite *after your Heart:* yet, mark his End. The Deteſtation and Horror his Crimes had excited in the minds of his Subjects were ſo fatal to him, that they enabled an *Exile*, who had no colourable Right to the Crown, and

and whoſe Talents were much inferior to his, to invade his Realm and deſtroy him.

MACHIAVEL.

This Example, I own, ſeems to be of ſome Weight againſt the Truth of my Syſtem. But at the ſame time it ſhews, that there was nothing ſo new in the Doctrines I publiſhed, as to give any reaſon to charge me with the Miſchiefs a Kingdom may ſuffer from crimes committed in it by Men of an unquiet and daring Ambition. Human Nature is wicked without any teaching. In Courts more eſpecially there has been, in all Ages, a Policy practiſed, not leſs repugnant than mine to the Laws of Humanity and Religion. Great Politicians are ſeldom Saints. Why am I ſingled out as worſe than the reſt?

GUISE.

There have been, in all times and all ſtates, many wicked and impious Politicians. But Thou art the Firſt that ever has *taught the Science of Tyranny*, reduced it to Rules, and inſtructed Men how to acquire and ſecure it, by Treachery, Perjuries, Aſſaſſinations, and with a particular Caution, not to be ſtopped by any check of the

the Conſcience or of the Heart, in the courſe of their Crimes; but to puſh them as far as may be neceſſary or conducive to their Greatneſs and Safety; tho' it ſhould carry them ever ſuch horrible Lengths. It is this which has given thee a Pre-eminence in Guilt over all other Stateſmen.

MACHIAVEL.

If you had read my book with due care, you would have found that I reaſoned upon Things *as they were*, and not *as they ought to be*: that I did not deſire to make Men Uſurpers, or Rebels, or Tyrants, but only ſhewed, if they were ſo, what conduct it would be expedient for them to obſerve.

GUISE.

When you were a Miniſter of State in Florence, if any Man had publiſhed a Book, to inſtruct his Countrymen in the Art of Poiſoning, and how to do it with the moſt certain Deſtruction to others and Security to themſelves, would you have allowed him to plead in his Juſtification, that he did not deſire Men to poiſon their Neighbours; but, if they would take ſuch evil Methods of mending their fortunes, there could be no Harm in letting them know,

know, what were the moſt effectual Poiſons, and by what ways they might give them without being diſcovered? Would you have thought it a ſufficient Apology for him, that he had dropped in his Preface, or here and there in his Book, an Exhortation againſt the committing of Murder? Without all Doubt, as a Magiſtrate concerned for the Safety of the People of Florence and all Mankind, you would have puniſhed the Wretch with the utmoſt Severity, and taken great care to deſtroy every copy of ſo pernicious a Book. Yet your own admired Work contains a more baneful and more helliſh Art. It poiſons States and Kingdoms, and ſpreads its Malignity, like a general Peſtilence, over the World.

MACHIAVEL.

You muſt acknowledge at leaſt, that my Diſcourſes on Livy are full of wiſe and virtuous Maxims and Precepts of Government.

GUISE.

I do confeſs it; but This, I think, rather aggravates, than leſſens your Guilt. How could you ſtudy and comment on Livy with ſuch an acute and profound Underſtanding,

and afterwards write a Book ſo extreamly repugnant to all the Leſſons of Policy taught by that ſage and moral Hiſtorian? How could you, who had ſeen the Picture of Virtue ſo amiably drawn by his maſterly Hand, and who ſeemed to be ſenſible yourſelf of its Charms, fall in love with a *Fury*, and ſet up her foul Image, as an Object of Worſhip to Princes and Kings?

MACHIAVEL.

I was ſeduced by my Vanity. — My Heart was formed to love Virtue. But I wanted to be thought *a greater Genius in Politics* than all who had writ on that Subject before. Vanity, Sir, is in Authors a Paſſion as ſtrong as Ambition in Princes, or rather it is the ſame Paſſion exerting itſelf in a different way. I was *a Duke of Guiſe* in the Republic of Letters. But my Guilt is, I own, more enormous than your's, becauſe the bad influences of it reach farther, and will be more laſting.

GUISE.

You have indeed made too many Diſciples, as well before the times when I lived, as during almoſt two centuries which have now paſt ſince your Maxims occaſioned my

Murder at Blois. But your Credit is ſinking at preſent in Europe. I have been told by ſome Shades arrived lately here, that a King, with whoſe Fame all Europe reſounds, has anſwered your Book, and confuted your Doctrines, with a moſt noble Air of Scorn and Abhorrence. I am alſo aſſured, that in England there is a Great and Good King, *whoſe whole Life has been a continued Oppoſition to your evil Syſtem*; who has hated all Cruelty, all Fraud, all Diſſimulation; whoſe Word has been ſacred, whoſe Honour inviolate; who has made the Laws of his Kingdom the Rules of his Government, and Good Faith and a Regard for the Liberty of Mankind the Principles of his Conduct to foreign Powers; who reigns more abſolutely now in the Hearts of his People, and does greater Things by the Confidence they place in him, and by the Efforts they make from the Zeal of Affection, than any Prince ever did, or ever will do, by all the Arts of Iniquity you recommended.

DIALOGUE XIII.

VIRGIL. HORACE.
MERCURY. SCALIGER the Elder.

VIRGIL.

MY dear Horace, your Company is my greateſt Delight, even in the Elyſian Fields. No wonder it was ſo when we converſed together in Rome. Never had Man ſo genteel, ſo agreeable, ſo eaſy a Wit, with a Temper ſo ſocial, ſo gay, ſo good-humoured. And then ſuch Integrity, ſuch Fidelity, ſuch Generoſity in your nature! A Soul ſo free from all Envy, ſo benevolent, ſo ſincere, ſo placable in its Anger, ſo warm and ſo conſtant in its Affections! You were as neceſſary to Mæcenas, as he to Auguſtus. Your Converſation ſweetened to him all the cares and fatigues of his public Life: Your Gaiety cheared

cheared his drooping Spirits; and your Counſels aſſiſted him when he wanted Advice. For you were capable, my dear Horace, of counſelling Stateſmen. Your Sagacity, your Diſcretion, your Secreſy, your clear Judgment in all Affairs, recommended you to the Confidence, not of Mæcenas alone, but of Auguſtus himſelf, in no ſmall degree; which you nobly made uſe of to ſerve your old Friends of the Republican Party, and to confirm both the Miniſter and the Prince in their Love of mild and moderate Meaſures of Government, yet with a ſevere Reſtraint of Licentiouſneſs, the moſt dangerous Enemy to the whole Commonwealth.

HORACE.

To be ſo praiſed by Virgil would have put me in Elyſium, while I was alive. — And I will own (though Human Vanity is not ſo predominant here in our Hearts) it adds to my Happineſs that my Conduct and Character continue to be thought by you not unworthy of your Approbation. Your own were as perfect as your *Poems* themſelves, that is, as near to Perfection as Human Nature will admit of; though your

Modeſty made you think they ſtill wanted Correction.

VIRGIL.

Don't talk of my Modeſty. —— How much greater was your's, when you diſclaimed the name of a Poet, and would allow it to none but to Varius and Me; you whoſe Odes are ſo noble, ſo harmonious, ſo ſublime!

HORACE.

I felt myſelf too inferior to the Dignity of that Name.

VIRGIL.

I think you did like Auguſtus, when he declined the Title of King, but kept all the Majeſty and Power with which it was ever attended. Even in your Epiſtles and Satires, where the Poet was hid, as much as he could be, you may well be compared to a Prince in Diſguiſe, or in his Hours of Familiarity with his intimate Friends: the Pomp and State were let drop, but the Greatneſs remained.

HORACE.

Well: — I will not contradict you; and (to ſay the Truth) I ſhould do it with a worſe Grace, becauſe in ſome of my Odes I have not been ſo modeſt in ſpeaking of my own Poetry, as in my Epiſtles. But to make you know your Pre-eminence over me and all Writers of Latin Verſe, I will carry you to Quintilian, the beſt of all Roman Critics, who will tell you in what Rank you ought to be placed. I hope you will not pretend to diſpute his Opinion.

VIRGIL.

Quintilian is indeed an excellent Critic, and ſeems as much to delight in giving Praiſe to all Merit, as others, who uſurp that reſpectable name, in Abuſe and Detraction. — But who is this Shade that Mercury ſeems to be bringing this way? I never ſaw one that ſtalked with ſuch Pride, or had ſo much Arrogance expreſſed in his looks!

HORACE.

They come towards us:—Hail, Mercury! — What is this Ghoſt whom you are

conducting? Has he any Commands for Virgil or Me?

MERCURY.

He is one that has made very free with you both. His Name is Julius Cæſar Scaliger, and he is by Profeſſion a *Critic*.

HORACE.

Julius Cæſar Scaliger! He was, I preſume, a *Dictator* in Criticiſm. For my Part, I will not pretend to oppoſe his ſovereign Power. I had enough of following Brutus at Philippi. Don't think I'll get into any new Quarrels here!

MERCURY.

Talk to him a little: — He'll entertain you. I brought him to you on purpoſe.

HORACE.

Virgil, do you accoſt him: — I can't do it gravely: I ſhall laugh in his face.

VIRGIL.

Sir, may I preſume to aſk why you wear that Frown on your Brow, and caſt your Eyes ſo ſuperciliouſly upon Horace and Me? I don't remember that Auguſtus ever looked

looked down upon us with ſuch an Air of Superiority, when we were his Subjects.

SCALIGER.

He was only a Sovereign over your Bodies, and owed his Power to Violence and Uſurpation. But I have from Nature an abſolute Empire over the Wit of all Authors, who are ſubjected to me as the greateſt of Critics or *Hypercritics*.

VIRGIL.

Your Juriſdiction is very extenſive: —— And what Judgments have you been pleaſed to paſs upon Us?

SCALIGER.

You pretend to be ignorant of my Decrees! but they are too well known in the other World not to have been reported to you here. As for you, Horace, I will tell you thus far; becauſe it will pleaſe you. I have ſaid, *that I had rather have writ the little Dialogue between you and Lydia, than have been made King of Arragon.*

HORACE.

If I were alive, you ſhould give me the Kingdom, and take both the Ode and the Girl

Girl in return. But did you always pronounce ſo favourably for us?

SCALIGER.

No: — I was not ſuch a Blockhead. — I have taken both you and Virgil to taſk in ſeveral Places of my moſt famous Work. Send for it, and read it. — Mercury will bring it to you with the firſt learned Ghoſt that arrives here from Europe. There is Inſtruction for you in it. I don't flatter you, Gentlemen. — But it was my Whim to commend that little Ode; and I never do things by Halves. When I give Praiſe, it is with a liberal Hand, to ſhew my Royal Magnificence. But I generally blame, to exert all the Vigour of my *Cenſorian Power*, and keep my Subjects in Awe.

HORACE.

You did not confine your Empire to Poets; you exerciſed it, no doubt, over all other Writers.

SCALIGER.

I was a Divine, a Philoſopher, a Stateſman, an Orator, an Hiſtorian, a Poet, without doing the Drudgery of any of theſe,

theſe, but only by cenſuring thoſe who did, and ſhewing thereby the Superiority I had over them all in their ſeveral Talents.

HORACE.

A ſhort way indeed to univerſal Fame! And I ſuppoſe you were very peremptory in your Deciſions.

SCALIGER.

Peremptory! Ay. — If any Man dared to contradict my Opinions, I called him a Dunce, a Raſcal, a Villain, and frighted the fellow out of his Wits.

VIRGIL.

But what ſaid the reſt of Mankind to this Method of Diſputation?

SCALIGER.

They generally believed me becauſe of the confidence of my Aſſertions; and thought I could not be ſo inſolent, or ſo angry, if I was not very ſure of being in the Right. Beſides, in my Controverſies, I had a great help from the Language I wrote in: For one can ſcold and call names with

with a much better Grace in Latin than French, or any tame, modern tongue.

HORACE.

Have not I heard, that you pretended to derive your Deſcent from the Princes of Verona?

SCALIGER.

Pretended! do you pretend to deny it?

HORACE.

Not I indeed: — Genealogy is not my Science. If you ſhould claim to deſcend from King Midas, I would not diſpute it.

VIRGIL.

I wonder, Scaliger, that you ſtooped to ſo low an Ambition. Was it not greater to reign over all Mount Parnaſſus than over a petty Italian State?

SCALIGER.

You ſay well. —— I muſt own I was there in an Error, and condeſcended too much to vulgar Opinion. The ignorant Multitude think that a *Prince* is a greater Man than a *Critic*. Their Folly made me

deſire to claim Kindred with the *Scalas* of Verona.

HORACE.

Pray, Mercury, how do you mean to diſpoſe of this Auguſt Perſon? You can't think it proper to leave him with Us. — He muſt be placed with the Demigods; he muſt go to Olympus.

MERCURY.

Be not afraid. — I don't intend he ſhall trouble you long. I brought him hither to ſhew you a Creature you never had ſeen, and to divert myſelf with your Surprize. Whatever thoughts you may have of him, he is the Chief of all modern Critics, the moſt renowned Captain of that dreadful Band. And before he went mad, he had, I aſſure you, good Parts, and great Learning. But I will now explain to you the original Cauſe of the Abſurdities he has uttered. His Mind was formed, like ſome Perſpective Glaſſes, in ſuch a manner, that it either diminiſhed or magnified all Objects too much; but above all others it magnified him to himſelf. This made him ſo proud that it quite turned his Brain.

Brain. Now I have had my Sport with him, I think it will be an Act of Charity in me to reſtore him to his Senſes; or rather to give what Nature denied him, a rational Judgment. You ſhall ſee what a Change I will work in him at once. — Come hither, Scaliger. — By this Touch I give thee Power to ſee Things as they are, and among others thyſelf. — Look, Gentlemen, how his Countenance is fallen in a moment! Hear what he ſays: — He is talking to himſelf.

SCALIGER.

Bleſs me! with what Perſons have I been diſcourſing! With Virgil and Horace! How durſt I open my lips in their Preſence? How could I preſume to appear in their Sight? For what am I? A Head ſtuffed with a Lumber of Learning, a little petulant Wit, and no Senſe.— Good Mercury, I beſeech you, let me retire from a Company, for which I know I am very unfit. Let me go and hide my head in the deepeſt ſhade of that Grove which I ſee in the Valley. When I have performed a Quarantine there, I will crawl on my knees to the feet of thoſe great and illuſtrious

illuſtrious Shades whom I have offended, and beg them to ſee me burn my impertinent books of Criticiſm, in the fiery billows of Phlegethon, with my own Hands.

MERCURY.

Go, and do Penance. Thou mayeſt then ſcape the Judgment of Minos. This Mortification of knowing thyſelf is Damnation ſufficient to atone for thy Arrogance in the other World.

DIALOGUE XIV.

BOILEAU. —— POPE.

BOILEAU.

MR. Pope, you have done me great Honour. I am told, that you made me your Model in Poetry, and walked on Parnaſſus in the ſame Paths which I had trod.

POPE.

We both followed Horace: but in our manner of Imitation, and in the turn of our natural Genius, there was I believe a great deal of Reſemblance, which I am proud that others obſerve. Our Tempers too were the ſame in many reſpects. They were both very warm with the Love of good Morals, true Wit, and ſound Learning, and fond of the Glory of our being their Champions.

Champions. But they were too irritable, and too eaſily hurt by Offences, even from the loweſt of Men, We turned the keen Edge of our Wit againſt thoſe whom it was more a Shame to contend with than an Honour to vanquiſh. Yet our Muſe was not always ſevere and ill-humoured. She could ſmile on our Friends, and underſtood how to praiſe as well as to blame.

BOILEAU.

It would perhaps have been better if in ſome inſtances we had neither praiſed nor blamed ſo much. But in Panegyric and Satire Moderation is thought to be flat and inſipid.

POPE.

Moderation is a cold *unpoetical* Virtue. Mere Hiſtorical Truth ſhould be written in Proſe. And therefore I think you did very well to burn your *Hiſtory of Louis le Grand*, and truſt his fame, and your own, to your Poems.

BOILEAU.

When thoſe Poems were written he was the Idol of the French Nation as much as mine. If You and I had not known how

to ſpeak to the Paſſions, as well as to the ſober Senſe of Mankind, we ſhould not have been the favourite Authors of the French and the Engliſh, nor have acquired that kind of deſpotic Authority in the Empire of Wit, which we both held as long as we lived.

POPE.

The Praiſe which My Friends had from me was *unbought*. In *this*, at leaſt, I may boaſt a Superiority over the *penſioned Boileau*.

BOILEAU.

A *Penſion* in France was an honourable Diſtinction. Had you been a Frenchman you would have ſought it; had I been an Engliſhman I ſhould have declined it. If our Merit in other reſpects be the ſame, *this* will not make a great Difference in it.

POPE.

It is not for me to draw a Compariſon between our Works. But, if I may believe the beſt Critics with whom I have talked, my *Rape of the Lock* is not inferior to your *Lutrin*; and my *Art of Criticiſm* may well be compared with your *Art*

of

of Poetry: my *Ethic Epiſtles* are thought at leaſt to be equal to your's, and my *Satires* much better.

BOILEAU.

Hold, Mr. Pope. —— If there really is ſuch a Sympathy in our Natures as you have ſuppoſed, there may be reaſon to fear, that, if we go on comparing our Works, we ſhall not part in good Friendſhip.

POPE.

No, no: — the mild Air of the Elyſian Fields has ſoftened my temper, as I preſume it has your's. But in truth our reputations are nearly on a Level. We both of us carried the Beauty of our *Diction*, and the Harmony of our *Numbers*, to the higheſt Perfection that our Languages would admit. Our Poems were laboured and poliſhed to the utmoſt degree of Correctneſs, yet without loſing their Fire, or the pleaſing Appearance of Freedom and Eaſe. The Spirit of the Ancients ſeemed to animate all of them; and we both borrowed much from thoſe excellent Maſters; though You perhaps more than I: but our Imitations had ſtill an Original Air.

BOILEAU.

I will confeſs, Sir, (to ſhew you that the Elyſian Climate has had its proper effects upon me) I will fairly confeſs, without any ill humour, that in your *Temple of Fame*, your *Windſor Foreſt*, your *Eloiſa to Abelard*, and ſome other Pieces you wrote in your Youth, there is more Imagination, more Sweetneſs, more Fire of Poetry, than in any of mine. I will alſo allow, that you hit the *Manner* of Horace, and *the ſly Delicacy* of his Wit more exactly than I, or than any other Man who has writ ſince his time.

POPE.

What do you think of my *Homer*?

BOILEAU.

Your *Homer* is the moſt ſpirited, the moſt poetical, the moſt elegant, the moſt pleaſing Tranſlation, that ever was made of any ancient Poem; tho' not ſo much in the *manner* of the Original, or ſo exact to the Senſe in all Places, as might be deſired. But when I conſider the Years you ſpent in this Work, and how many fine original Poems you might with leſs difficulty have produced in that time, I can't but regret that you

ſhould have employed your Talents in a way, wherein their full Energy could not be ſeen. A great Poet, tied down to a tedious Tranſlation, is *a Columbus chained to an Oar*. What new Regions of Fancy might you have explored, if you could have freely expanded your Sails, and ſteered your own Courſe, under the conduct of your own Genius! — But I am ſtill more angry with you for your Edition of Shakeſpear. The Work of an *Editor* was below you, and your mind was unfit for the Drudgery of it. Would any body think of employing a Raphael to clean an old Picture? How could you, Sir, undertake ſuch a Taſk?

POPE.

The principal Cauſe of it was my great Zeal for the Honour of Shakeſpear: and, if you knew all his beauties as well as I, you would not be ſurprized at that Zeal. No other Author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo *creative* an Imagination, with ſo perfect a Knowledge of the Paſſions, the Humours, and Sentiments of Mankind. He painted all Characters, from Heroes and Kings, down to Innkeepers and Peaſants,

ſants, with equal Truth and equal Force. If Human Nature was quite deſtroyed, and no Monument left of it except his Works, other Beings might know *what Man* was from thoſe Writings.

BOILEAU.

Your Account of him is juſt: and, tho' I find the moſt ſhocking Abſurdities in his Plays; Abſurdities which no Critic of my Nation can pardon, yet I admire him as a Prodigy of Genius and Parts.

POPE.

You would admire him ſtill more, if you could have the pleaſure to ſee the chief Characters in all his beſt Plays repreſented by an Actor, who appeared on the Stage a little before I left the World. He has ſhewn the Engliſh Nation more Excellencies in Shakeſpear, than ever the quickeſt Wits could diſcern, and has imprinted them on the Heart with a livelier Senſe, than the moſt ſenſible natures could feel, without his Help.

BOILEAU.

The Variety, Spirit, and Force of his Action have been much praiſed to me by many

many of his Countrymen, whoſe Shades I converſe with, and who all ſpeak of him as we do of *Baron*, our moſt admired Actor. I have alſo heard of another, who has now left the Stage, but who filled, with great Dignity, Force, and Elevation, ſome Tragic Parts; and excelled ſo much in the Comic, that none ever has gained a higher Applauſe.

POPE.

He was indeed a moſt perfect Comedian. In the part of *Falſtaff* particularly, wherein the utmoſt force of Shakeſpear's *Humour* appears, he attained to ſuch Perfection, that he was not an *Actor*; he was the Man deſcribed by Shakeſpear; he was *Falſtaff* himſelf!

BOILEAU.

That Character is not well underſtood by the French. Some of our Critics ſuppoſe it belongs, not to Comedy, but to Farce: whereas the Engliſh ſee in it the fineſt and higheſt Strokes of natural Humour. Nature perhaps may vary ſo much in different Countries, particularly with regard to *humourous* Characters, as to account for theſe different Judgments. But don't

you allow, Mr. Pope, that our Tragic and Comic Writers are, upon the whole, more perfect than your's? If you deny it, I think I will appeal to the Athenians, the only Judges who are qualified to decide the Diſpute. I will refer it to Euripides, Sophocles, and Menander.

POPE.

I am afraid of theſe Judges: for I ſee them continually walking hand in hand, and engaged in the moſt friendly Diſcourſe with Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. Our Dramatic Writers ſeem not ſo fond of their company: they ſometimes ſhove rudely by them, and give themſelves Airs of Superiority. They ſlight their Reprimands, and laugh at their Precepts. In ſhort, they will be tried by *their Country* alone; and that Judicature is partial.

BOILEAU.

Well; I will preſs this Queſtion no farther. —— But this let me aſk you; Which do you prefer, Racine, or Corneille?

POPE.

The *Athalia* of Racine is in my Judgment equal to the ſublimeſt Plays of Corneille,

neille, and the tender Paſſions are certainly touched by that elegant and moſt pathetic Writer, with a much finer hand. He is alſo by far more correct than the other, and more harmonious and noble in his Verſification.

BOILEAU.

The particular Friendſhip I had with Racine, and my Partiality for his Writings, make me hear with great pleaſure the Preference given to him above Corneille by ſo judicious a Critic as You.

POPE.

My Opinion is not ſo deciſive in favour of him as you ſuppoſe. That he excelled his Competitor in the Points I have mentioned can't I think be denied. But the Spirit and Majeſty of ancient Rome were never ſo well and truly expreſſed as they are by Corneille. Nor has any French Writer ſuch a maſculine Strength and Greatneſs of Thought. — Racine is the Swan deſcribed by ancient Poets, which riſes on downy Wings to the Clouds, and ſings a ſweet, but a gentle and plaintive Note. Corneille is the Eagle, which ſoars to the Skies on bold and ſounding Pinions, and fears not

to

to perch on the Scepter of Jupiter, or to bear in his Pounces the Lightning of the Gods.

BOILEAU.

I am glad to find, Mr. Pope, that in praiſing Corneille you run into Poetry, which is not the language of *ſober Criticiſm*, though I own it is ſometimes uſed by Longinus.

POPE.

I caught the Fire from the Idea of Corneille.: — But let me now, in my turn, deſire your Opinion of our Epic Poet, Milton.

BOILEAU.

Longinus perhaps would prefer him to all other Writers: for he excells even Homer in the *Sublime*. But other Critics, who require Variety, and Agreeableneſs, and a correct Regularity of Thought and Deſign in an Epic Poem; who can endure no Abſurdities, no extravagant Fictions, would place him far below Virgil.

POPE.

His Genius was indeed ſo vaſt and ſublime, that his Work ſeems beyond the

the Limits of Criticiſm; as his Subject is beyond the Limits of Nature. The bright and exceſſive Blaze of poetical Fire, which ſhines in ſo many Parts of his Poem, will hardly permit one to ſee its Faults. But that it has Faults, and great ones too, cannot be denied.

BOILEAU.

The Taſte of your Countrymen is very much changed ſince the days of Charles the Second, when Dryden was thought a greater Poet than Milton!

POPE.

The Politics of Milton at that time brought his Poetry into diſgrace: for it is a rule with the Engliſh; they never will ſee any Good in a Man whoſe Politics they diſlike. But, as their Notions of Government are ſubject to Change, Men of Parts have their turn of being admired, after having been ſlighted; and thoſe who had before been in Vogue are deſpiſed. This happened to Dryden as well as to Milton. He lived to ſee his Writings, together with his Politics, quite out of Faſhion. But, even in the days of his higheſt Proſperity, when the Generality of the People

People admired his *Almanzor*, and thought his *Indian Emperor* the perfection of Tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Rocheſter, the two wittieſt Noblemen our Country has produced, attacked his Fame, and turned the Rants of his Heroes, the Jargon of his Spirits, and the Abſurdity of his Plots, into juſt Ridicule.

BOILEAU.

You have made him Amends by the Praiſe you have given him in ſome of your Writings.

POPE.

I owed him that Praiſe, as my Maſter in the Art of Verſification. Yet I will freely ſubſcribe to the Cenſures which have been paſſed on many of his Works. I will deliver him up to the Critics to be mangled and torn by them as much as they pleaſe. But when they have pulled off every part of him which is not too hard for their Teeth, there will remain ſtill enough to make a great Poet. You, Sir, I am ſure, will particularly admire him as an excellent Satiriſt. His *Abſalom and Achitophel*, and his *Mac Flecno*, are Maſterpieces, in that way of Writing. But his

Muſe had endowed him with various Powers. His Ode on the Feaſt of Alexander is perhaps the moſt perfect of all Lyric Poems that modern times have produced. His *Tales*, though compoſed in a very old Age, and though ſome of the Subjects are not well choſen, have great Spirit and a rich Vein of Poetry in them. Even the worſt of his Plays have very fine Verſes *embroidered into them*; and the Duke of Buckingham muſt himſelf have approved the greateſt part of his *Don Sebaſtian*, his *All for Love*, and his *Spaniſh Friar*. The moſt inexcuſable Fault of his Comedies is the Immorality, Prophaneneſs, and Indecency in them: but I am ſorry to ſay, all our Comic Writers, except Shakeſpear, Johnſon, and Steel, have that Fault. Fletcher is ſhocking. Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar have painted the Manners of the times when they wrote, with a Maſterly Hand; but they are too often ſuch Manners, that a virtuous Man, and much more a virtuous Woman, muſt be greatly offended at the Repreſentation. In this reſpect the French Stage is far better than our's. *That* is indeed a School of Morality. Folly is laughed at; but Vice is expoſed in moſt of their

their Comedies to Contempt and to Hatred. No falſe colours are laid on, to conceal her Deformity, and make her appear an agreeable Object; but thoſe with which ſhe paints herſelf are there taken off.

BOILEAU.

I wiſh I could ſay, that ſome of our beſt Writers in other Ways had not been as guilty as your Comic Poets, of the heinous Offence of *debauching the Muſes*. My Friend, La Fontaine, in ſome of his Tales, is as faulty in that, as he is admirable in other reſpects.

POPE.

He has indeed been too wanton and ſportive with Vice. But I agree with you in admiring the natural Spirit and Eaſe of his Wit, that *Simplicity* mixed with Elegance and Juſtneſs of Thought, which characteriſes his Genius, and makes it ſeem quite *original*, though all the *Matter* of his Writings is borrowed from others.

BOILEAU.

I think you have a Writer not inferior to him in the beſt of his *Tales*, and who ſeems

ſeems to have copied his manner.—I mean Mr. Prior.

POPE.

There is much Reſemblance in their manner: but there is alſo ſome Difference. Prior, I think, had more *Judgment*, La Fontaine more *Simplicity*. The former owed much to Art and Learning: the latter all to Nature. But Prior's Harp had more Strings to it than La Fontaine's. He was a fine Poet in many different ways: La Fontaine but in one.

BOILEAU.

There is a Writer of *Heroic Poetry*, who lived before Milton, and whom ſome of your Countrymen praiſe very highly; tho' he is little known in France. I ſee him ſometimes with Homer and Virgil, but oftener with Taſſo and Arioſto.

POPE.

I underſtand you mean *Spenſer*. He had a great Poetical Genius. There is a Force and a Beauty in ſome of his *Images* and his *Deſcriptions*, equal to any in the beſt of thoſe Writers you have ſeen him converſe with. But he had not always the

the Art of *Shading* his Pictures. He brings the minute and diſagreeable Parts too much into ſight; and with many ſublime and noble Ideas mingles too frequently vulgar and mean. His Poem is *Moral* and *Allegorical:* but the *Allegory*, being continued throughout the whole Work, fatigues the Mind: and as every Canto has a different Fable, and a different Heroe, there is no Paſſion to intereſt the Heart in *the Whole*, nor any permanent Object to fix the Attention. Had he choſen a Subject proper for *Epic Poetry*, he ſeems to have had Elevation and Strength in his Genius ſufficient to make him *a great Epic Poet:* but now he can hardly be ranked in that Claſs.

BOILEAU.

Who is the Poet but lately arrived in Elyſium, whom I ſaw Spenſer lead in, and preſent him to Virgil, as a Writer related to him in his *Georgics?* There was on his Head a Garland compoſed of the Flowers that blow in every Seaſon, with Evergreens intermixed. But over it hung a Cloud, which ſometimes obſcured it, and would ſcarce let me ſee the face of the Poet!

POPE.

POPE.

By your Deſcription it muſt be *Thomſon*. He painted Nature exactly, and with great Strength of Pencil. His Imagination was rich, extenſive, ſublime: but his Diction was frequently *obſcure* and *affected*. Nor did he know when to *ſtop*, or what to *reject*.

BOILEAU.

I ſhould ſuppoſe he wrote Tragedies upon the *Greek Model*. For he is often admitted into the Grove of Euripides, and ſeems to be in particular Favour with that great Tragic Poet.

POPE.

He enjoys that Diſtinction both as a *Tragedian*, and as a *Moraliſt*. For, not only in his Plays, but all his other Works, there is an inſtructive *Morality*, rendered more touching, by the fine and delicate Sentiments of a moſt *tender* and *feeling Heart*.

BOILEAU.

St. Evremond has brought me acquainted with Waller. — I was ſurprized to find in his Works a Politeneſs and *Gallantry*

equal to the moſt *gallant* of our Writers. Sarrazin and Voiture did not praiſe the Ladies, to whom they made court, more genteelly than he; and there is in his Verſes a Spirit of Poetry not to be found in any of theirs. Some of his Lines upon Sachariſſa are even *ſublime*. In his compariſon between himſelf and Apollo, as the Lover of Daphne, and in that between Amoret and Sachariſſa, there is a *Fineſſe* and Beauty of Wit, that the moſt elegant and refined of our Writers have never exceeded. But his Epiſtle to Cromwell, and his Poem on the Death of that great, wicked Man, are writ with a Force and Greatneſs of Manner, which, though there are blemiſhes in them, give him a rank among the Poets of the firſt Claſs.

POPE.

Mr. Waller was doubtleſs a very fine Writer. His Muſe was as well qualified as the Graces themſelves to dreſs out a Venus; and he could even adorn the brows of a Conqueror with the moſt fragrant and beautiful Wreaths. But he had ſome low and puerile thoughts, which unaccountably mixed with the elegant and the noble, like School-boys or Mob admitted into

into a Palace. There was an Intemperance and a Wantonneſs in his Wit which he could not reſtrain. He wrote little to the Underſtanding, and leſs to the Heart; but he frequently charms the Imagination, and ſometimes is able to ſtrike it with flaſhes of the higheſt *Sublime*. —— We had alſo in England another Poet of the ſame Age, extreamly admired by all his Contemporaries, in whoſe Works there is ſtill a greater Redundancy of Imagination, more Affectation of Wit, a worſe Taſte, and leſs Judgment: but he touched the Heart more, and had much finer Feelings. —— I mean Mr. Cowley.

BOILEAU.

I have been often ſollicited to admire his Writings, by his Friend, Dr. Spratt. He ſeems to me a great Wit, and a very good Man, but not a good Poet. Of late I hear he is ſunk very much in the Opinion of the Engliſh. Yet I cannot but think, that if ſome of the Superfluities of his Wit were given by Apollo to ſome of their modern Bards, who write common-place Morals in very ſmooth Verſe, without any Abſurdity, but without one new Thought, or one lively Spark of Imagination,

gination, it would be a great Favour to them, and do them more Good, than all the Rules in my Art of Poetry, and your's of Criticiſm.

POPE.

I am much of your mind. —— But when I left the World, I left in England ſome Poets, whom you will admire, not only for the Harmony, and Correctneſs, but the Spirit, and Genius, which appear in their Writings. Fame will bring their Works to you when they are dead: but ſhe ſeldom is fond of doing juſtice to the living.

BOILEAU.

France too has produced ſome excellent Writers, who were not yet known at the time of my Death. ——Of one particularly I hear Wonders. Fame to Him is as kind as if he had been dead a thouſand Years. She brings his Praiſes to me from all Parts of Europe. —— I dare ſay you gueſs that I ſpeak of Voltaire.

POPE.

I do, and eſteem him a wonderful Genius. When the King of Pruſſia drew him

him from Paris to Berlin, he had a whole Academy of *Belles Lettres* in *Him* alone. But that Prince has himſelf ſuch Talents for Poetry as no other Monarch has ever poſſeſſed. Voltaire has taught him his Art, and has left him his Lyre. It is amazing that, amidſt the Tumult of Arms, a King ſo employed in the greateſt Affairs, ſhould touch that Lyre ſo ſweetly, and draw from it Notes, which Alcæus or Horace would have heard with Delight. What an aſtoniſhing Compaſs and Force muſt there be in his Mind, what an Heroic Tranquillity and Firmneſs in his Heart, that he can, one day, compoſe an Ode or Epiſtle in the moſt elegant Verſe, and the next, fight a Battle with the conduct and courage of a Guſtavus Adolphus!

BOILEAU.

I envy Voltaire ſo noble a Subject both for his Verſe and his Proſe. But if that Prince will write his own *Commentaries*, he will want no Hiſtorian.

POPE.

Voltaire is, I hear, retired from Berlin to the Territory of Geneva. It does great

Honour to Swiſſerland, but not much to France, that the *fineſt Wit* ſhe has left to boaſt of ſhould chuſe a Country-Houſe at the foot of the Alps, rather than Paris, or any Villa in the Neighbourhood of that City, for the Retreat of his Age.

BOILEAU.

I am told that in France he did not uſe his Wit with ſo much Diſcretion as I did mine. And even his Exile, I fear, has not taught him enough to curb its Exceſſes. There is in moſt of his Writings a noble and Philoſophical Freedom of Thought, which may be reckoned amongſt their higheſt Perfections: but all Liberty has its Bounds; beyond which if it goes, it changes its Nature. Would to Heaven he would reflect, before he comes *hither*, that his Works will out-live him and do Good or Harm through ſeveral Ages; that many Nations will read them; and that the Judgment paſt *here* on the Writer himſelf will be according to the Deſign and Tendency of them, and to the extent of their good or evil Effects.

POPE.

POPE.

It would be well for all Europe, if other *Wits* of your country, who give the Tone to the preſent Age, had the ſame ſerious Thoughts that you wiſh to Voltaire. Witty Writings, directed to ſerve the good ends of Religion and Virtue, are like the Lights hung out in a *Pharos*, to guide the Mariners ſafe through dangerous Seas: But the Brightneſs of thoſe, that are impious or immoral, ſhines only to betray, and lead Men to Deſtruction.

BOILEAU.

Have your Countrymen lately had no ſuch treacherous Guides?

POPE.

Too many; and they have been followed too much: I ſpeak it with Sorrow.—Would to GOD that both England and France may now learn, that true Wiſdom is *Virtue*, and true Virtue *Religion*. Falſe Philoſophy will not then miſlead and corrupt them.—— I alſo could wiſh that a Taſte for *the Frivolous* may not prevail too much in the French. They trifle agreeably; but there is a great difference between gathering

Flowers at the foot of Parnaſſus, and climbing the arduous Heights of the Mountain. The laſt muſt be done by thoſe who aſpire to the Temple of Fame; and to do it requires both Labour and Strength. If the preſent Mode ſhould prevail much longer in France, your Countrymen will be all too lazy or weak to attempt ſuch an Enterprize. But I would have them continue the Rivals of the Engliſh in vigorous Wit and uſeful Learning. The Competition is good for both Nations. May they contend for the Palm of Genius and Science till the end of the World; and may that Contention be friendly, not hoſtile! There is nothing which ſo contracts and debaſes the Mind as National Envy. True Wit, like true Virtue, loves its own Image, in whatever Part of the Globe it is found.

DIALOGUE XV.

OCTAVIA — PORTIA — ARRIA.

PORTIA.

HOW has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have higher Places than you in the Temple of Fame, ſhould have a lower here in Elyſium? We are told, that the Virtues you ſhewed, as a Wife, were greater than our's. Be ſo good as to explain to us what were thoſe Virtues. It is the Privilege of this happy Place, that one can bear Superiority without Mortification. The Jealouſy of Precedence died with the reſt of our Mortal Frailties. Tell us then your own Story. We will ſit down in this Myrtle Grove, and liſten to it with Pleaſure.

OCTAVIA.

Noble Ladies, the Pride of our Sex and of Rome, I will not refuſe to obey your Commands,

Commands, though it recalls to my Mind ſome Scenes which my Heart would wiſh to forget. There can be but one reaſon why Minos ſhould have given a Preference here to my conjugal Virtues; and that is, that the Trial of them was harder than your's.

ARRIA.

What! Madam; harder than to die for your Huſband? We died for our's.

OCTAVIA.

You did, for Huſbands who loved you, and were the moſt virtuous Men of the Ages they lived in; who truſted you with their Lives, their Honour, their Fame. To outlive ſuch Huſbands is harder than to die *for* them, or *with* them. But Mark Antony, to whom my Brother, for reaſons of State, gave my Hand, loved another, not me. And yet he has told me himſelf I was handſomer than his Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was; and to Men *that* is generally a charm ſufficient to turn the Scale in one's favour. I had been uſed to be loved: I was loved by Marcellus. Antony ſaid he loved me, when he pledged to me his Faith. Perhaps he did for a time: a new handſome

handſome Woman might, from his natural Inconſtancy, make him forget his former Attachment. He was but too amiable.—— His very Vices had charms beyond other Mens Virtues. Such Spirit! ſuch Fire! ſuch a towering Pride! He ſeemed made to command; to govern the World; to govern it with ſuch Eaſe, that the Weight of it did not rob him of an hour of Pleaſure. And while his Inclination for me continued, this haughty Lord of Mankind, who could hardly bring his high Spirit to treat my Brother, his Partner in Empire, with proper reſpect, was as ſubmiſſive to me, as obedient to every wiſh of my Heart, as the moſt humble Lover that ever ſighed in the Vales of Arcadia. Thus he ſeduced my Affection from the Manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himſelf. He fixed it, Ladies (I own it with Shame) more fondly than it had ever been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done ſo, he ſcorned me, he left me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was:——the ſiſter of Cæſar, ſacrificed to a vile Egyptian Queen, the Harlot of Julius, the Diſgrace of her Sex. Every Outrage was added to incenſe me ſtill more. He gave her, as public Marks of his Love, a great part of the

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

the Empire of Rome in the Eaſt. He read her Love-letters openly in his Tribunal, even while he was judging the Cauſes of Kings. Nay he left his Tribunal, and one of the beſt Roman Orators pleading before him, to follow her Litter, in which ſhe chanced to paſs by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all theſe Demonſtrations of his extravagant Paſſion, in a Letter he wrote to my Brother himſelf he had the Aſſurance to call her *his Wife*. Which of you, Ladies, could have borne this?

V. Suetonium in Auguſto Cæſare.

ARRIA.

Not I, Madam, in truth. Had I been in your Place, the Dagger with which I pierced my own boſom, to ſhew my dear Pætus *how eaſy it was to die*, that Dagger ſhould I have plunged into Antony's Heart, if Piety to the Gods, and Reſpect to the Purity of my own Soul, had not ſtopped my Hand. But, I believe, I ſhould have killed myſelf; not, as I did, out of Love to my Huſband, but out of Shame and Indignation at the Wrongs I endured.

PORTIA.

PORTIA.

I muſt own, Octavia, that to bear ſuch a Treatment as Your's was harder to a Woman than *to ſwallow Fire.*

OCTAVIA.

Yet I did bear it, Madam, without a Complaint, which could hurt or offend the cruel Man. I uſed my utmoſt Endeavours to hinder my Brother from making War againſt him, on my account. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian Expedition, which his Impatience to bear a long Abſence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me magnificent Preſents of Cloaths and Money for his Troops, a great number of Horſes, and two thouſand picked Soldiers, equipped and armed like my Brother's Prætorian Bands. He ſent to ſtop me at Athens, becauſe his Miſtreſs was with him, and he was aſhamed to ſee us together. I obeyed his commands: but I wrote to him, by one of his moſt faithful Friends, a Letter expreſſing great Reſignation, and ſuch a Tenderneſs for him as I thought might have power to touch his Heart. My Envoy ſerved me ſo well,

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

well, he ſet my Fidelity in ſuch a light, and gave ſuch reaſons to Antony, why he ought to ſee and receive me with Kindneſs, that Cleopatra was extreamly alarmed. All her Arts were employed to prevent his ſeeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt. —— Thoſe Arts prevailed. He ſent me back into Italy, and gave himſelf up more weakly than ever to the Witchcraft of that *Circé*. He added Africa to the States he had beſtowed on her before, and declared Cæſario, her ſpurious Son by Julius Cæſar, Heir to all her Dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his ſecond Son by her; and at the ſame time declared his eldeſt Son by her, named Alexander, whom he had eſpouſed to the Princeſs of Media, Heir to that Kingdom, and King of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian Empire, which he propoſed to conquer for *him*. The Children I had brought him he wholly neglected, as if they had been Baſtards. I wept. —— I lamented his Fate and my own; —— but I never reproached him. My Brother, provoked at ſo many Indignities, commanded me to quit the Houſe of my Huſband at Rome, and come into his. —— I refuſed

See Plutarch's Life of Antony.

to obey him. —— I continued in Antony's Houſe, I perſiſted to take the ſame care of his Children by Fulvia as of my own. I gave all his Friends at Rome my Protection, and all the Aſſiſtance that was in my power. I implored my Brother not to make my Jealouſy or my Wrongs the cauſe of a Civil War. But the Injuries done to the Empire and Rome by Antony's conduct could not be forgiven. When he found he ſhould draw the Roman Arms on himſelf, he ſent Orders to me to go out of his Houſe. I did ſo, but carried with me all his Children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldeſt, who was then with him in Egypt. After his Death and Cleopatra's, I took her Children by him, and bred them up with my own. I married her Daughter to Juba, King of Mauritania, the moſt accompliſhed and the handſomeſt Prince in the World. I raiſed Julius Antonius, the ſecond Son of my Huſband by his firſt Wife, to ſuch a degree of Favour and Power, that, except Agrippa and the Sons of Livia, he ſaw none above him in the court of Auguſtus. In ſhort, I did for Antony's Children, even thoſe whom he had by Cleopatra, my Rival, all that Portia or Arria could have done for their Children

by

by Brutus and Thraſea, if they had ſurvived them.

PORTIA.

The Sentence of Minos was very juſt. I thank the Gods that my Virtue was not put to ſuch Trials. Are not you, Arria, of the ſame mind?

ARRIA.

I am: — I confeſs her Superiority. — Yet let me aſk her one Queſtion. Tell me, Octavia, did not your Pride and Reſentment entirely cure you of your Paſſion for Antony, as ſoon as you ſaw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not all your conduct after that time the effect of cool Reaſon, undiſturbed by the Agitations of jealous, unhappy, and tortured Love?

OCTAVIA.

You probe my Heart very deeply. That I had ſome help from my Pride and Reſentment, I will not deny. But I was not become *indifferent* to my Huſband. His Idea was dear, too dear to me ſtill. I loved the Antony, who had been my Lover and Friend, more than I was angry with the Antony, who forſook me, and loved another

another Woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with his former Affection, I ſhould have loved him as well as before.

ARRIA.

Madam, your Heart is the moſt perfect Model of conjugal Virtue. The Wound I gave mine was, I own, but a ſcratch, to many you ſuffered. But I don't know, whether it is not good for the World, that there are not in it many Octavias. It would too much encourage the Men to uſe their Wives ill. *Too good Subjects are apt to make bad Kings.*

PORTIA.

True, Arria; the Wives of Brutus and Thraſea Pætus may be allowed to have Spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was bred in the Court of her Brother. Subjection and Patience were better taught there than in our rough Schools.

DIALOGUE XVI.

LOUISE DE COLIGNI, Princeſs of Orange.
FRANCES WALSINGHAM, Counteſs of Eſſex and of Clanrickard; before, Lady SIDNEY.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

MADAM, they tell me, our Deſtinies had a great and ſurpriſing conformity, while we lived in the World together. I was the Daughter of Admiral Coligni, you of Secretary Walſingham, the two greateſt Stateſmen and ableſt Supports of the Proteſtant Cauſe, in France, and in England. I was married to Teligni, the fineſt Gentleman of our Party, the moſt admired for his Valour, his Virtue, his Learning: You to Sir Philip Sidney, who bore the ſame Character among the Engliſh. We both loſt our Huſbands by violent

lent Deaths, and both married again with ſtill greater Men; I with William Prince of Orange, the Hero and Founder of the Dutch Commonwealth; You with Devereux Earl of Eſſex, the Favourite of Elizabeth, and of the whole Engliſh Nation. But, alas! to compleat the Reſemblance of our Fates, we both ſaw thoſe ſecond Huſbands, who had raiſed us ſo high, cut off in the Meridian of their Glory and Greatneſs; mine by the Piſtol of an Aſſaſſin; Your's, more wretchedly ſtill, by the Axe, as a Traitor and Rebel.

See Du Maurier Memoires de Hollande, from p. 177 to 190. Biographia Britann. Eſſex.

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

There was indeed in our Deſtinies ſuch a Conformity, as ſeldom is found between that of two Perſons in the ſame Age. Your's carried you higher, but I think it was more unhappy than mine. For my Father lived honourably, and died in Peace: Your's was aſſaſſinated in his old Age. How did you, Madam, comfort yourſelf and recover your Spirits under all your Misfortunes?

Princeſs of ORANGE.

The Prince of Orange left an infant Son to my Care. The Educating of him to be

worthy of ſo renowned and illuſtrious a Father, to be the Heir of his Virtue as well as his Greatneſs, and the Affairs of the Commonwealth, in which I intereſted myſelf for his Sake, ſo filled my Mind, that they took from me the Senſe of my Grief, which nothing but ſuch a great and important Scene of Buſineſs, ſuch a neceſſary Taſk of private and public Duty, could have ever relieved. But let me enquire of you, in my turn; how did your Heart find a balm to ſoften the Pain of the Wounds it had ſuffered? What employed your widowed Hours after the death of your Eſſex?

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

Madam, I did not long continue a Widow: I married again.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

How, Madam, married again! With what Prince, what King did you marry? The Ambition of your Heart could ſurely be ſatisfied with no meaner Huſband. The Widow of Sir Philip Sidney and of My Lord Eſſex could not deſcend from Them to a Subject of leſs illuſtrious Fame; and where could you find one equal to either?

Counteſs

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

I did not ſeek for one, Madam: The Heroiſm of the former, and the Ambition of the latter, had made me very unhappy. I deſired a quiet Life and the Joys of wedded Love, with an agreeable, virtuous, well-born, unambitious, unenterpriſing Huſband. All this I found in the Earl of Clanrickard: and, believe me, Madam, I enjoyed more ſolid Felicity in Ireland with him, than I ever had known with my two former Huſbands, in all the Pride of their Glory, when England and Europe reſounded with their Praiſe.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

Can it be poſſible, that the Daughter of Walſingham, and the beloved Wife of Sidney and Eſſex, ſhould have Sentiments ſo inferior to the great Minds which ſhe ſprung from, and to which ſhe was matched! Believe me, Madam, there was no Hour, of all the Years that I lived, after the death of the Prince of Orange, in which I would have exchanged the delight that I had in hearing his Praiſe, and ſeeing the Monuments of his Glory in the free Com-

monwealth his Wiſdom had founded, for any other Joys this World could give. The Cares that I ſhared with him, while Providence ſuffered him to continue below, were a Happineſs to my Mind, becauſe they improved and exalted its Powers. The Remembrance of them was dear to me after I loſt him. I thought his great Soul would look down upon mine with ſome Tenderneſs of Affection, as its Fellow-labourer in the heroic and divine Work of delivering and freeing his Country. But to be divorced from that Soul! to be no longer his Wife! to be the conſort of an inferior, inglorious Huſband! I had much rather have died a thouſand Deaths, than that my Heart ſhould have once conceived ſuch a Thought.

Counteſs of CLANRICKARD.

Your Highneſs ought not to judge of all Hearts by your own. The ruling Paſſion of *that* was Ambition. My Inclinations were not ſo noble as your's, but better ſuited, perhaps, to the nature of Woman. I loved Sir Philip Sidney, I loved the Earl of Eſſex, rather as amiable Men than as Heroes and Stateſmen. They were ſo taken up with their Wars and State-Affairs, that

that my Tenderneſs for them was often neglected. The Earl of Clanrickard was wholly mine. He was brave, but had not that *Spirit of Chivalry*, with which Sir Philip Sidney was ſtrongly poſſeſſed. He had the Eſteem of Elizabeth, but did not, like Eſſex, aſpire to her *Love*; nor did he wiſh to be the Rival of Carr, or of Villers, in the Affection of James. Such was the Man on whom my laſt Choice beſtowed my Hand, and whoſe Kindneſs compenſated for all my Misfortunes! Providence has aſſigned to different tempers different comforts in their Afflictions. To you it gave the Education of a Prince, the Government of a State, the Pride of being called the Wife of a Hero. To me it gave a good, *living* Huſband, Retirement, Quiet, Wealth, and a fair Reputation, though not in a degree ſo exalted as your's. If our whole Sex were to chuſe between your Conſolations and mine, I verily think your Highneſs would find very few of your Taſte. But I reſpect the Sublimity of your Ideas. Now that we have no Bodies they appear leſs unnatural than I ſhould have thought them in the other World.

Princeſs of ORANGE.

Adieu, Madam, our Souls are of a different Order, and were not made to converſe with each other.

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS—POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, Atticus; I find that, notwithſtanding your Friendſhip for Cicero and for me, you ſurvived us both many Years, with the ſame chearful Spirit you always poſſeſſed, and by the Marriage of your Daughter with Agrippa ſecured the Favour of Cæſar, and even a cloſe Alliance with him by your Grand-daughter's Match with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, Brutus, my Philoſophy was the Epicurean. I loved my Friends, and I ſerved them in their diſtreſſes with great Generoſity; but I did not think myſelf bound to die when they died, or not to make others, as Occaſions ſhould offer.

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

You did *ſerve* your Friends, as far as you could, without bringing yourſelf into any great danger or trouble of Mind: but that you *loved* them I very much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? If you loved me, how could you love Cæſar? If you loved Cæſar, how could you avoid taking Part againſt Antony in their laſt Civil War? Affection cannot be ſo ſtrangely divided, and with ſo much equality, among Men of ſuch oppoſite characters, and who were ſuch irreconcileable Foes to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earlieſt Youth, I knew how to ingratiate myſelf with the Heads of different Parties, and yet not engage with any ſo far as to diſturb my own Quiet. My Family was connected with the Marian Party; and, though I retired to Athens from Rome, that I might not be involved in the troubles which that Faction had begun to excite, yet, when young Marius was declared an Enemy by the Senate, I ſent him a Sum of Money, to ſupport him in his Exile. Nor did this hinder me from making

making my Court ſo well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the higheſt Marks of his Favour. Nevertheleſs, when he preſſed me to go with him to Rome, my Anſwer was, "Do not, "I beſeech you, deſire to lead me againſt "thoſe, with whom that I might not bear "Arms againſt you, I left my native Coun-"try:" He admired my Conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the Preſents which had been made to him there to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to ſhew that my conduct was always the ſame; and that in the Inſtances which you mentioned I did not act from any Inconſtancy or Levity in my Nature, but from a regular, uniform Plan, which my Reaſon convinced me was founded in Wiſdom.

V. Cornel. Nepot. in Vitâ Attici.

BRUTUS.

I know you alſo took the ſame Part between Pompey and Julius Cæſar.

ATTICUS.

I did ſo — and that I might be able to do it with Dignity, and without the reproach of Ingratitude, I never would accept any Office or Honour from either of

thoſe great Men; nor from Cicero, though my Siſter had married his Brother; nor from you, my moſt honoured and moſt virtuous Friend.

BRUTUS.

Are there no Obligations to a good Heart, Pomponius, but Honours and Offices? Does the refuſal of theſe cancel all other Ties? But, ſetting aſide any conſiderations of private Affection or private Eſteem, how did you reconcile your Conduct to that, which is the ruling Principle in the Heart of every virtuous Man, and more eſpecially a virtuous Roman, *the Love of the Public?*

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were ſo corrupted, and the conflict of Parties had ſo little to do with *the Love of the Public*, that I thought my Virtue much ſafer and purer by avoiding than mixing in the Fray.

BRUTUS.

Poſſibly in the diſpute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæſar, a good Man might ſee ſo much to blame on both ſides, and ſo much to fear, which ever Faction ſhould conquer

quer the other, as to be juſtified in not engaging with either. But let me ſay without Vanity, in the War which I waged againſt Antony and Octavius you had nothing to blame: for I know you approved the Principle upon which I killed Julius Cæſar, and thought it an honeſt, heroical Act: You had nothing to fear if our Arms had ſucceeded; for you knew my Intentions were upright and pure; you knew that both Caſſius and I were reſolved to reſtore the Republic. How could you then be a tranquil Spectator of ſuch a Scene? How could you maintain an Indifference and Neutrality between the *Deliverers* and the *Tyrants* of Rome?

ATTICUS.

My Anſwer to this will require Explanations, which my Reſpect to the *Manes* of Brutus makes me wiſh to avoid.

BRUTUS.

No, Atticus; you may ſay to me all you think, without fear of offending. In the other World I loved Truth, and deſired that all might ſpeak it with Freedom: but here even the tender Ears of a Tyrant are compelled to endure it. Perhaps

haps I loved you ſo well that I ſhall not be ſorry to hear you make a good Apology for your conduct, even at my Expence. If I committed faults, or erred in my Judgment, the Calamities I have ſuffered are a Puniſhment for it. Tell me then truly what were my failings.

ATTICUS.

You ſaid that the *Principle* upon which you killed Cæſar had my Approbation, and that I admired the Honeſty and Heroiſm of the Act. This I do not deny: — but did I ever declare that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* Act? I had quite other Thoughts. Nothing ſeemed to me ever *worſe judged* or *worſe timed:* and theſe were my reaſons. Cæſar was juſt ſetting out to make War on the Parthians. That was an Enterprize of no little Difficulty, and no little Danger. But his boundleſs Ambition, and that reſtleſs Spirit, which never would let him take any Repoſe, did not mean to ſtop there. You know very well (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vaſt Plan, of marching after he had conquered the whole Parthian Empire, along the Coaſt of the Caſpian Sea, and the Sides of Mount Caucaſus, into Scythia,

V. Plutarch. in Vitâ Jul. Cæſar.

Scythia, in order to ſubdue all the Countries that border on Germany, and Germany itſelf, as far as the Ocean, propoſing to return to Rome by Gaul. Conſider now, my dear Brutus, how much time the Execution of this immenſe Project would have required. In ſome of his Battles with ſo many fierce and warlike Nations, the braveſt of all the Barbarians, he might very probably have been ſlain: but if he had not, Diſeaſe, or Age itſelf, might have ended his Life, before he could return triumphant to Rome. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-ſixth Year, and of an infirm Conſtitution. Except his Baſtard by Cleopatra he had no Son: nor was his Deſpotiſm ſo quietly ſettled, that he could have a thought of leaving the Empire to his Siſter's Grandſon, Octavius. While he was abſent, there was no reaſon to fear any Violence, or Male-Adminiſtration, in Italy, or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief Power in the Senate, and Hirtius and Panſa were the Conſuls deſigned for the enſuing Year. The Prætorſhip of the City was given to you by the favour of Cæſar; and your known Credit with him, added to your great Talents and high Reputation, gave you a Weight, which none of his

his Party left by him in Italy could dare to oppoſe. What a fair Proſpect was here of good Order, and Peace, and Freedom at home, while abroad the Roman Name would have been rendered more glorious, the Diſgrace of Craſſus revenged, and the Bounds of the Empire extended beyond the utmoſt Ambition of our Forefathers, by the greateſt General that ever led the Armies of Rome, or perhaps of any other Nation! What did it ſignify, whether in Aſia, or among the Barbarians, that General bore the title of King, or that of Dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your Friends, than to ſtart ſo much at the thought of his taking that name, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the power of Royalty, and much more than any King of Rome had poſſeſſed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUTUS.

We conſidered that Name as the laſt Inſult offered to our Liberty and our Laws. The deſiring of it ſhewed in Cæſar a Mind which had diveſted itſelf of all Moderation. It was an Enſign of Tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant Purpoſe of making the Servitude of Rome more apparent.

apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the Tyrant, and reſtore our Country to Freedom.

ATTICUS.

You puniſhed the Tyrant, but you did not reſtore your Country to Freedom. By ſparing Antony, againſt the Opinion of Caſſius, you ſuffered the Tyranny ſtill to ſubſiſt. He was Conſul, and from the Moment that Cæſar was dead, he had the chief Power of the State in his Hands. The Soldiers adored him for his Liberality, Valour, and Military Frankneſs. His Eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The Nobility of his Houſe, which deſcended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his Heart with Ambition. The whole Courſe of his Life had ſhewn that his Thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little Reſpect for the Liberty of his Country. He had been Cæſar's principal Friend, the ſecond Man in his Party: By ſaving him you left a new Head to that Party, an able Head, who would be ſure to make uſe of his Credit to his own Aggrandiſement and to your Ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the Reſtoration of Liberty, if Cæſar had died a natural Death,

were ſo incenſed at his Murther, that for the Sake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to give all Power to Antony, and make him the Maſter of the Republic. This was particularly true with reſpect to the Veteran Troops, which had ſerved under Cæſar: and he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he quickly availed himſelf of their Diſpoſitions, and threw off all Regards to you or the Senate. You and Caſſius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the ſame Part, could find no Expedient to ſave himſelf and the Senate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing another Cæſar, the adopted Son and Heir of him you had ſlain, to oppoſe Antony, and to divide the Cæſarean Party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that Party, and made them his Enemies, by Harangues in the Senate, which breathed the very Spirit of the old Pompeian Faction, and made him appear to Octavius, and all the Friends of the dead Dictator, as guilty of his death, as thoſe who had killed him. What could this end in, but what it did end in, a Reunion of the whole Cæſarean Party, and of their principal Chiefs, to deſtroy him and you and all the Pompeians? For my

own

own Part, I foreſaw it long before the Event, and therefore kept myſelf clear of all thoſe Proceedings.—You think that I ought to have joined you at Philippi, becauſe I knew your good Intentions, and that, if you ſucceeded, both Caſſius and you deſigned to reſtore the Commonwealth. I believe you did both agree in that Point; but then you differed in ſo many others, there was in your tempers ſuch a Diſcordance, that I am perſuaded the Union between you could not have laſted long; and your Diſſention would have had moſt fatal Effects, with regard both to the Settlement and to the Adminiſtration of the Republic. Beſides, the whole Maſs of it was ſo corrupted, that I am convinced new Diſorders would ſoon have ariſen. If you had applied gentle Remedies, to which your own Nature was moſt inclined, thoſe Remedies would have failed; if Caſſius had induced you to act with Severity, your Government would have been ſtigmatized with the Name of a Tyranny more hateful than that which you had deſtroyed; and Cæſar's Clemency would have been the perpetual Topic of every factious Harangue to the People, and of every ſeditious Diſcourſe to the Soldiers. Thus you would

have ſoon been plunged in the Miſeries of a new Civil War, or perhaps aſſaſſinated in the Senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman Empire a fixed and laſting Tranquillity, but ſuch a prudent Plan of a *mitigated Imperial Power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius Cæſar, and happily ſettled by him, when he had got rid of all Oppoſition and Partnerſhip in the Government. Thoſe quiet times I lived to ſee, and I muſt ſay, they were the beſt I ever had ſeen, far better than thoſe under the turbulent Ariſtocracy for which you contended. And let me boaſt a little of my own Prudence, which, through ſo many Storms, could carry me ſafe into that happy Port. Had it only given me Safety, without Reputation, I ſhould not think that I ought to ſpeak of it with Pride. But in all theſe Revolutions my Honour remained as unhurt as my Fortune. I ſo conducted myſelf, that I loſt no Eſteem, in being Antony's Friend, after having been Cicero's, or in my Alliance with Agrippa and with Auguſtus, after my known Connection with you. Nor did either Cæſar or Antony blame my Inaction in the Wars between them; but, on the contrary, ſeemed to value me more for the Neutrality I obſerved.

ſerved. My Obligations to the one and Alliance with the other made it improper for me to act againſt either. And my conſtant tenour of Life had procured me an Exemption from all Civil Wars by a Kind of *Preſcription.*

BRUTUS.

If Man were born to no higher Purpoſe, than to live long in Eaſe and Proſperity, with the general good Eſteem of the World, your Wiſdom was as much ſuperior to mine, as my Life was ſhorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I believe it exceeded the Prudence of any other Man that ever exiſted, conſidering in what difficult times you were placed, and with how many Shocks and Changes of Fortune you were to contend. But *here* the moſt *virtuous* and *public-ſpirited* Conduct is found the moſt *prudent.* The Motives of Actions, not the Succeſs, give us *here* Reputation. And if my Soul could return again to that Life from whence ſhe is eſcaped, I would not change my Character to imitate your's: I again would be Brutus rather than Atticus. Even without the ſweet hope of eternal Rewards in a more perfect State, which

is the ſtrongeſt ſupport to the Good in every Misfortune, I ſwear by the Gods, I would not give up *the noble Feelings of my Heart*, that Elevation of Mind which accompanies active and ſuffering Virtue, for your Seventy-ſeven Years of conſtant Tranquillity, with all the Eſteem and Praiſe you obtained from the learned Men whom you patronized, or the Great Men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, King of England.
JOHN DE WITT, Penſioner of Holland.

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no Cauſe to be much your Friend, I ſincerely lament your unhappy Fate. Who could have thought that De Witt, the moſt popular Miniſter that ever governed a Commonwealth, ſhould fall a Sacrifice to popular Fury! Such Talents, ſuch Virtues as you were endowed with, ſo clear, ſo cool, ſo comprehenſive a Head, a Heart ſo untainted with any Vice, deſpiſing Money, deſpiſing Pleaſure, deſpiſing the vain Oſtentation of Greatneſs, ſuch Application to Buſineſs, ſuch Ability in it, ſuch Courage, ſuch Firmneſs, and ſo perfect a Knowledge of the Nation you ſerved, ſeemed to aſſure

you of a fixed and ſtable Support in the Public Affection. But the Paſſions of the People, and more eſpecially thoſe of Holland, are always too violent. They love and hate in Extremes; and their Affection and Rage ſucceed to each other, with ſo ſudden a Change, that ſometimes the Men they have deteſted the moſt become their Favourites and their Idols, without knowing why; and thoſe they had adored are at once made the Objects of their Reſentment, without having incurred it by the leaſt Alteration in their own Conduct.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your Majeſty, not only to pity the fate of a Man, whoſe Political Principles made him an Enemy to your Greatneſs, but to aſcribe it to the caprice and inconſtancy of the People; as if there had been no great fault in his Conduct. I feel the Magnanimity of this Diſcourſe from your Majeſty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my Death. But here, where our Conſcience muſt dictate our Words when we ſpeak of ourſelves, and where our Judgments are cleared from the Miſts of our Paſſions, I frankly confeſs, that though the

Rage

Rage of the People of Holland was carried too far, when they tore me and my Brother to pieces, yet I had deſerved to loſe their Affections, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous Friendſhip of France, and by weakening the military Strength of the State, to ſerve little Purpoſes of my own Power, and ſecure to myſelf the intereſted affection of the Burgomaſters, or others, who had a popular Credit and Weight in my Faction. This had almoſt ſubjected my Country to France, if you, Great Prince, had not been ſet at the head of the falling Republic, and had not exerted ſuch Virtues and Talents, to raiſe and ſupport it, as ſurpaſſed even the Heroiſm and Prudence of William, our firſt, magnanimous Stadtholder, and equalled you to the moſt illuſtrious Patriots of Greece or of Rome.

WILLIAM.

This Praiſe from your Mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can ſo much exalt the Character of a Prince, as to have his Actions approved by a zealous Republican, and the Enemy of his Houſe!

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them, I ſhould be the Enemy of the Republic. You never ſought to Tyrannize over it; you loved, you reſpected, you guarded its Freedom. Thebes did not owe its Liberty more to Epaminondas, than Holland to you. It is to your *Virtue*, not to your *Royalty*, that you owe my Reſpect. How wonderful was it to ſee a young Man, who had ſcarce attained to the twenty-ſecond Year of his Age, whoſe Spirit had been depreſſed and kept down by a jealous and hoſtile Faction, riſing at once to the conduct of a moſt arduous and perilous War, ſtopping an Enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the Heart of his Country; driving him back and recovering from him all he had conquered: to ſee this done with an Army, in which, a little before, there was neither Diſcipline, Courage, nor Conduct! Ancient Hiſtory has no Exploit ſuperior to it; and it will ennoble the Modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch ſhall ariſe, to do juſtice to it, and ſet the Hero who performed it in a true Light.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Say rather, when Time ſhall have worn out that Envy and Party-Spleen, which will not ſuffer Mankind to ſee the great Actions of their Friends and Benefactors in a true light, though they are repreſented ever ſo fairly.

DE WITT.

How magnanimous was your Reply, how much in the Spirit of true *ancient Virtue*, when being aſked, in the greateſt Extremity of our Danger, "*How you intended to live after Holland was loſt?*" You ſaid, "*You would live on the Lands you had left in Germany, and had rather paſs your life in hunting there, than ſell your Country or Liberty to France at any rate!*" How noble alſo was that other Saying, when being offered your Patrimonial Lordſhips and Lands in the County of Burgundy, or the full Value of them from France, by the Mediation of England, in the Treaty of Peace, your Anſwer was, "*That you would be content to loſe them all, to gain one good town more for the Spaniards in Flanders!*" No Wonder, after this, that you were able to form a League

See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 320, 321.

of

of all Europe againſt the Ambition and Power of France; that you were the Soul of that generous League; that you could ſupport and keep it together, in ſpite of repeated and grievous Misfortunes; that even after Defeats you were as formidable to Louis, as other Generals after Victories; and that in the end you became the Deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other Object, no other Paſſion at heart, throughout my whole Life, but to maintain the Independence and Freedom of Europe againſt the encroaching Power of France. It was this Deſire which formed the whole Plan of my Policy, which animated all my Counſels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This Deſire was the moſt noble (I ſpeak it with Shame) that could inflame the Heart of a Prince, whoſe Anceſtors had oppoſed and in a great meaſure deſtroyed the Power of Spain, when ſhe aſpired to the Monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days had

had an equal Ambition and more Strength to ſupport her enormous Deſigns, than Spain under the Government of Philip the Second. That Ambition you checked, that Strength your reſiſted. I, alas! was ſeduced by the Arts of her falſe, perfidious Court, and by the Neceſſity of Affairs, in that Syſtem of Policy which I had adopted, to aſk her Aſſiſtance, to rely on her Favour, and to make the Commonwealth, whoſe Counſels I governed, ſubſervient to her Greatneſs.—Permit me, Sir, to explain to you the Motives and Principles of my Conduct. If all the Princes of Orange had acted like you, I ſhould never have been the Enemy of your Houſe. But Prince Maurice of Naſſau deſired to oppreſs the Liberty of that State his noble Father had freed from Oppreſſion, and which he himſelf had defended, againſt the Arms of the Houſe of Auſtria, with the higheſt Reputation of Military Virtue. Under a feigned Pretence of Religion (the moſt execrable Cover of a wicked Deſign) he put to death Barnevelt, his Father's beſt Friend, becauſe he refuſed to concur with him in that ambitious Deſire. He likewiſe impriſoned other good Men and Lovers of their Country, confiſcated their Eſtates, and ruined their families.

families. Yet when he had done all theſe Acts of Injuſtice, to make himſelf Sovereign of the Dutch Commonwealth, he found they had drawn ſuch an Odium upon him, he found it ſo perilous to proceed any farther, that he durſt not accompliſh his iniquitous Purpoſe, and ſtopped ſhort of the Tyranny to which he had ſacrificed his Honour and Virtue: a Diſappointment which mortified and chagrined him ſo much that it haſtened his Death. His Brother, Prince Henry, who ſucceeded to his Dignities in the Republic, acted more honeſtly, and with more Moderation. But the Son of that Prince, your Majeſty's Father, (I am ſorry to ſay what I know you hear with Pain) reſumed, in the Pride and Fire of his Youth, the ambitious Deſigns of Maurice, his Uncle. He failed indeed, and ſoon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the Republican Party an incurable Jealouſy and Dread of his Family, which occaſioned your Majeſty's being deprived of the Charge of Stadtholder, and all the Power your Houſe had enjoyed from the firſt Settlement of our Commonwealth. Full of thoſe Prejudices, and zealous for Liberty, I thought it my Duty, as Penſionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could,

your

your Reſtoration to a Greatneſs, which I ſincerely believed would be inconſiſtent with the Safety and Freedom of my Country.

WILLIAM.

Allow me to ſtop you a Moment here—When my Great-grandfather formed the Plan of the Dutch Commonwealth, he made the Power of a Stadtholder one of the principal Springs in that Syſtem of Government. How could you think it would ever go well when deprived of that Spring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and ballance its Motions? A Conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of Regal Power may long be ſupported without ſuch a Power; but, if a degree of Regal Power was mixed in the Frame and Principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt extremely diſorder and weaken the Whole. This was particularly the caſe in our State. The Negative Voice of every ſmall Town in the Provincial States, the Slowneſs of our Forms, and Deliberations, the facility with which foreign Powers may corrupt and buy the Opinions of ſo many Perſons as have a right to concur in our Reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the Government to be well carried on, without the

the power and influence of a Stadtholder, which is the only Remedy for thoſe Evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge the Truth of your Majeſty's Obſervation. But I and my Party thought no Evil ſo great as that Remedy would have been; and therefore we ſought for other Reſources. One of thoſe was the Friendſhip, or (to ſpeak in plain terms) the *Protection* of France. I flattered myſelf that the Intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their Favour; as your Relation to the Crown of England might well raiſe in them a Jealouſy of your Power. I hoped they would promote the Trade of the Dutch in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the ancient Enemies of their Crown, and let us enjoy a perpetual Peace, unleſs we made War upon England, or England upon us; in which caſe I preſumed we ſhould have their Aſſiſtance. I relied ſo much on theſe Notions, in which I was encouraged by Monſieur d'Eſtrades, the French Miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his Court but too well; and I found my Authority grow ſo ſtrong by my Firmneſs in purſuing this Plan, that I had no Apprehenſions of the *Mine* that was forming

forming under my feet. — I made it my care to keep up a great Navy, well commanded and officered, as a Security againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France or from Spain, I neglected the Army; or rather (to ſpeak the truth) I deſtroyed it, by enervating all its Spirit and Strength, by diſbanding old Troops and Veteran Officers, attached to the Houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading Militia*, commanded by Officers who had neither Experience nor Courage, and who owed their Promotions to no other Merit, but their Relation or Intereſt with ſome leading Men, in the ſeveral *Oligarchies*, of which the Government in all the Dutch Towns is compoſed. Nevertheleſs, by the French Invaſion of Flanders, I was forced, much againſt my own will, to depart, at one juncture of time, from my cloſe Correſpondence and Connection with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the Triple Alliance, which Sir William Temple propoſed, to check her Ambition: but as I entered into that Meaſure from Neceſſity, not from Choice, I did not purſue it. I neglected to improve our Union with England, or to ſecure that with Sweden; I ſought no conjunction of

Counſels with Spain; I formed no Alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our Army ſtill more and more; till a ſudden, unnatural Confederacy, ſtruck up between England and France, for the conqueſt of the Seven Provinces, brought *them* at once to the brink of Deſtruction, and made me and my miſerable Brother the Victims to the Rage of a People too juſtly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I muſt ſay, that your Plan was in effect nothing more, than to procure for the Dutch *a Licence to trade, under the good pleaſure and gracious Protection of France.* But any State that ſo much depends on another is only a *Province*, and its *Liberty* is a *Servitude* graced with a fair and plauſible Name. You ſhould have reflected, that to a Monarch ſo vain and ambitious, as *Louis le Grand*, the Idea of a Conqueſt, which ſeemed almoſt certain, and the Deſire of humbling a haughty Republic, were Temptations too powerful to be reſiſted. And if you knew the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his Government, you ought not to have thought his Union with France for the

Ruin

Ruin of Holland an impoſſible or even improbable Thing, but ſhould have provided againſt it in time. It is ſcarce excuſable in a Miniſter to be greatly ſurprized, that the Inclinations of Princes ſhould ſometimes make them act without any regard to the political Maxims and Intereſts of their Kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am aſhamed of my Error; but the cauſe of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite ſo ill of Charles the Second as he deſerved. I imagined too that his Parliament and even his Council would have reſtrained him from ſuch a War. Nay, I truſted that, if the French ſhould attack us, the Engliſh would think their Safety concerned in our Defence. Theſe, I own, are Excuſes, not Juſtifications. When the French Army marched into Holland, and found it in a condition ſo unfit to reſiſt them, my Fame as a Miniſter irrecoverably ſunk. For, not to appear a *Traitor*, I was obliged to confeſs that I had been a *Dupe*. But who can ſufficiently praiſe the great Wiſdom and Virtue *You* ſhewed, in rejecting ſo firmly the Offers made to you, when

See Temple's Memoirs from the Year 1672 to 1679. p. 259, 299.

firſt you appeared at the head of your Country, by England and France, and repeated ſo often in the courſe of the War, to give you *the Sovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, with the Aid, and under the Protection of the two Crowns! Believe me, great Prince, had I been living then, and had known the generous Anſwers you made to thoſe Offers, Anſwers that would have become the Mouth of Timoleon or Epaminondas, the moſt devoted Friend to your Houſe would not have been more your Servant than I. But who could hope for ſuch Moderation, and ſuch a right Senſe of Glory and Greatneſs, in a young Man, deſcended from *Kings*, whoſe Mother was Daughter to Charles the Firſt, and whoſe Father had left him the Example of quite a different Conduct? Happy indeed were the Engliſh, to have ſuch a Prince, ſo nearly allied to their Crown both in Blood and by Marriage; whom they might call to be their Deliverer, when by Bigottry and by Deſpotiſm, the two greateſt Enemies to Human Society, their whole Conſtitution in Church and State was almoſt overthrown!

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but they were not. —— As ſoon as I had accompliſhed their Deliverance for them, many of them forgot the Danger and Ruin from which I had ſaved them, and wiſhed to reſtore the unforgiving Prince, whom they had ſo unanimouſly expelled from his Kingdom. Such Levity ſeems incredible—I could not myſelf have imagined it poſſible, eſpecially in a Nation famed for *good Senſe*, if I had not had Proofs of it beyond Contradiction. They ſeemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as that *they had called me over*. The Security of their Religion and Laws was no longer their Care. All was to yield to the incomprehenſible Doctrine of *Right divine*, and *Paſſive Obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both King James and that Doctrine, by their Oppoſition to him, by their Invitation of Me, and by every Act of the Parliament which gave me the Crown. But the moſt troubleſome to me were a ſett of Republicans, who oppoſed all my Meaſures, perplexed my Affairs, and joined with the Jacobites in diſturbing my

Government, becauſe it was not a Commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who were Republicans under your Government in the Kingdom of England did not love Liberty, but aſpired to Dominion; and wiſhed to throw the Nation into a State of Anarchy and Confuſion, that they might draw out of it Power to themſelves.

WILLIAM.

Your obſervation in general is very juſt. A proud Man very often imagines himſelf a Lover of Liberty, when he is only impatient of a Power in Government above his own, and, were he a King or Firſt Miniſter, would be a Tyrant. Nevertheleſs I will own to you, that there were ſome Whigs, and even ſome of the moderate Tories, who, with honeſt Intentions, and ſometimes with good judgments, propoſed new Securities to the Liberty of the Nation, againſt the Prerogative or Influence of the Crown, and the Corruption of Miniſters in future times. To ſome of theſe I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I reſiſted, for fear

of

of weakening too much the Royal Authority, and breaking that Ballance, in which the Perfection of a *mixed* Form of Government always conſiſts. I ſhould not, perhaps, have reſiſted ſo many, if I had not ſeen in the Houſe of Commons a Diſpoſition to riſe in their Demands on the Crown, had they found it more yielding. The Difficulties of my Government upon the whole were ſo great, that I once had reſolved to give back to the Nation the Crown they had given, and retire to Holland, where I found more Affection and Gratitude in the People. But I was ſtopped by the Prayers of my Friends, and by an Unwillingneſs to undo the great Work I had done: eſpecially as I knew, that, if England ſhould fall into the hands of King James, it would be a very hard Matter to preſerve the reſt of Europe from the Dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praiſed that your Majeſty did not perſiſt in ſo fatal a Reſolution. Holland would have been ruined by it as well as England. But I cannot enough expreſs my Surpriſe, that you ſhould have met with ſuch Treatment, as could induce you

to conceive ſuch a Thought! The Engliſh muſt ſure be a People incapable either of Liberty or Subjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I confeſs, ſome Faults in my Temper, and ſome in my Government, which are an Excuſe for my Subjects in regard to the Uneaſineſs and Diſquiet they gave me. I was too cold and reſerved for their Genius. They are a frank, open-hearted, good-humoured People. My Taciturnity, which agreed very well with the temper of the Dutch, offended their's. They love an affable Prince: it was his Affability that made them ſo fond of King Charles the Second. Then the exceſs of my Favour to ſome of the Dutch, whom I brought over with me, excited a national Jealouſy in them, and hurt their Pride. My Government alſo appeared too unſteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almoſt deprived me at laſt of the Confidence and Love of both Parties. I truſted too much to the Integrity and the Purity of my Intentions, without uſing thoſe Arts that are neceſſary to allay the Ferment of Parties, and win Men to their Duty by ſoothing

ſoothing their Paſſions. Upon the whole, I am ſenſible that I better underſtood how to govern the Dutch than the Engliſh or Scotch, and ſhould perhaps have been thought a greater Man, if I had never been King of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

The Faults in your Temper or Conduct in Government were by no means ſufficient to tarniſh the Luſtre of ſo many Virtues, and ſo many great Talents, as you were endowed with. It is a Shame to the Engliſh, that Gratitude and Affection for ſuch Merit as your's, and ſuch Obligations as they had to you in Points ſo eſſential, did not overcome any little Diſguſts, and enthrone their Deliverer in the Hearts of his People. But will your Majeſty give me leave to aſk you one Queſtion? I have heard that ſome Part of the Nation diſliked your Alliances on the Continent, and ſpoke of your War with France, as a War of Ambition, and a *Dutch Meaſure*, in which you ſacrificed England to Holland.

WILLIAM.

The Cry of the Nation at firſt was ſtrong for the War: but before the End of it the Tories

Tories began to talk the language you mention. And no Wonder they did; — for, as they then had a mind to ſet up again the Maxims of Government, that had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but repreſent Oppoſition to France, and vigorous Meaſures taken to reſtrain her Ambition, as unneceſſary for England: becauſe they well knew that the Counſels of that King had been averſe to ſuch Meaſures; that his whole Policy made him a Friend to France; that he was governed by a French Miſtreſs, and even bribed by French Money to give that Court his Aſſiſtance, or at leaſt his Acquieſcence, in all their Deſigns.

DE WITT.

Had the Stuart Family done nothing elſe to incur the Reſentment of the Engliſh, *that* alone was ſufficient in my opinion to juſtify the Revolution. A King of England, whoſe Cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile Penſioner to a French King, degrades himſelf from his Royalty, and can be conſidered in no better light, than as an Enemy to the Nation. Indeed the whole Conduct of Charles the

Second,

Second, when he was not forced off from his natural Bias, by the Neceſſity he ſometimes was under of ſoothing his Parliament, was a conſtant, deſigned, ſyſtematical Oppoſition to the Intereſt of his People. His Brother, though in his heart, perhaps, more attached to the Honour of England, was by his Popery and Deſire of abſolute Power forced to lean upon France, and do nothing to ſtop her Deſigns on the Continent, or leſſen her Greatneſs. It was therefore neceſſary to place the Britiſh Crown on your Head, not only to preſerve the Religion and Laws of the Engliſh and Scotch from internal Oppreſſions, but to ſave the whole Iſland from being ſoon made a Province to France. And what Folly or Ignorance was it to brand your Meaſures abroad, as ſacrificing the Intereſt of your Britiſh Dominions to that of the Dutch? Had Great Britain no Intereſt to hinder the French from being Maſters of all the Auſtrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces to ſubmit with the reſt to their Yoke? Would her Trade, would her Coaſts, would her Capital have been ſafe, after ſuch an Encreaſe of Maritime Power, of Shipping and Sailors, as France would have certainly gained by

thoſe Conqueſts? And what could have prevented them, but the War which you waged, and the Alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by England, have reſiſted a Power, which even with her Aſſiſtance, great as it was, they could hardly reſiſt? And after the Peace of Reſwick, procured by the Efforts of the *Firſt Grand Alliance*, did not a new and greater Danger require another ſuch League to be formed? Was not the Union of France and Spain under one Monarch the moſt dreadful Proſpect that ever threatened the Liberty and Independence of Europe? And was it not Wiſdom in England to try all Means to prevent it?

WILLIAM.

I thought ſo; and I am ſure I did not judge wrong. But Faction is blind, or ſhuts her Eyes not to ſee the moſt evident Truths that croſs her deſigns; as ſhe believes any Abſurdity or Lies that aſſiſt them.

DE WITT.

That there might be ſome Fault in the management of the War you made againſt France,

France, particularly with regard to the Operations at Sea, I will not deny. But the only Objection, which I can ſuppoſe to have any weight, againſt your Syſtem of Foreign Affairs, is the enormous Expence that attends it; an Expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without great Inconvenience, when they come to make up their final Accounts.

WILLIAM.

I will anſwer that Objection by aſking a Queſtion. If, when you were Penſionary of Holland, Intelligence had been brought, that the Dykes were all giving way, and the Sea coming in, to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have ſaid to one of the Deputies, who, when you were propoſing the proper Repairs to ſtop the Inundation, ſhould have objected to the Expence, as too heavy on the Province? This was the caſe in a political Senſe with both England and Holland. The Fences our Anceſtors had raiſed to keep out Superſtition and Tyranny were all giving way: thoſe dreadful Evils were threatening to break in upon us, and overwhelm our Eccleſiaſtical and Civil Conſtitutions.

tutions. Our Deſtruction was inevitable, if we did not exert our utmoſt Endeavours to ſave ourſelves from it. In ſuch circumſtances to object to a neceſſary Expence is Folly and Madneſs.

DE WITT.

It is certain, Sir, that the Wealth of a Nation can never be ſo well employed, as to preſerve their Religion and Freedom. When *theſe* are loſt, there remains nothing worth the Concern of a good or wiſe Man. I acknowledge too that the Reſources of a commercial Country, which knows how to ſupport its Commerce by great and powerful Fleets, and to raiſe its Taxes in a way not hurtful to Trade, are immenſe, and beyond what could be conceived, till the Trial is made. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* Expence will in the End ſo weaken a Nation, that it muſt ſink under the weight; and then its Independence cannot be maintained. What matters it whether a State is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign Enemy, or dies by a Conſumption of its own vital Strength? Such a Conſumption will come upon Holland ſooner than upon England, becauſe the latter has a greater radical Force: but,

great

great as it is, that Force may be ſo diminiſhed at laſt by perpetual Drains, that it may fail all at once, and what may appear its moſt *vigorous Efforts* may in reality be *the Convulſions of Death.* I don't apply this to your Majeſty's Government: but I ſpeak with a view to what I foreſee may happen hereafter from the extenſive Ideas of Negociation and War which you have eſtabliſhed. They have been ſalutary to your Kingdom; but they will be pernicious, in future times, if in purſuing great Plans great Miniſters do not act with a Sobriety and a Prudence, which ſeldom are joined with an extraordinary Vigour and Boldneſs of Counſels.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS — DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS! poor Apicius — I pity thee much, for not having lived in my Age and my Country. How many good Diſhes have I eat in England that were unknown at Rome in thy Days!

APICIUS.

Keep your Pity for yourſelf. — How many good Diſhes have I eat in Rome, the Knowledge of which has been loſt in theſe latter degenerate Days! The fat Paps of a Sow, the Livers of Scari, the Brains of Phœnicopters, and the *Tripotanum*, which conſiſted of three ſorts of Fiſh for which you have no Names, the *Lupus Marinus*, the *Myxo*, and the *Muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *Muræna* had been our Lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No: — the Muræna was a Salt-water Fiſh, and kept in Ponds into which the Sea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

Why then I dare ſay our Lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or ſtewed?

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your Country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

DARTENEUF.

I am ſorry for you, very ſorry: for if you never were in Britain you never eat the beſt Oyſters in the whole World. See St. Evremond's Letters.

APICIUS.

See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on ancient Coins, c. 5. Pars 2.

Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich Oyſters were brought to Rome in my time.

DARTENEUF.

They could not be freſh: they were good for nothing there. — You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a ſhame for you, that you did not.— An Epicure talk of Danger when he is in ſearch of a *Dainty!* Did not Leander ſwim over the Helleſpont to get to his Miſtreſs? And what is a *Wench* to a Barrel of excellent Oyſters!

APICIUS.

See Athenæus and Bayle in his Notes to the Article Apicius.

Nay — I am ſure you can't blame me for any want of Alertneſs in ſeeking fine Fiſhes. I ſailed to the Coaſt of Africk, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taſte of one Species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our Coaſt, and finding that I had received a falſe Information I returned again without deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was ſome ſenſe in *that:* but why did not you alſo make a Voyage to Sandwich?

wich? Had you taſted thoſe Oyſters in their Perfection you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burſt.

APICIUS.

I wiſh I had: — It would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, becauſe, when I came to make up my Accounts, I found I had not much above the poor ſum *of fourſcore thouſand pounds* left, which would not afford me a Table to keep me from ſtarving.

See Senec. de Conſol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. 3. Bayle Apicius. See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

A Sum *of fourſcore thouſand Pounds* not keep you from ſtarving! Would I had had it! I ſhould not have ſpent it in twenty Years, though I had kept the beſt Table in London, ſuppoſing I had made no other Expence.

APICIUS.

Alas poor Man! This ſhews that you Engliſh have no Idea of the Luxury that reigned in our Tables. Before I died I had ſpent in my Kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d.

See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it: There is an Error in the account.

APICIUS.

Why, the Eſtabliſhment of Lucullus for his Suppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every Supper he eat in the Room which he called by that name, was 5000 Drachms, which is in your Money 1614 l. 11 s. 8 d.

See Arbuthnot, p. 133

DARTENEUF.

Would I had ſupped with him there! But is there no Blunder in theſe Calculations?

APICIUS.

Aſk your learned Men *that*. — I count as they tell me. — But perhaps you may think, that theſe Feaſts were only made by great Men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Aſia *to help him in his Houſekeeping*. What will you ſay when I tell you that the Player Æſopus had one Diſh that coſt him ſix thouſand Seſtertia, that is, four thouſand eight hundred and forty-three pounds ten ſhillings Engliſh?

Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. 10. c. 60.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

What will I ſay? why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I ſhould have hanged myſelf for Vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.—You don't know what *Eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the Wealth of the Roman Empire is ſufficient to enable a Man *to keep a good Table*. Our Players were richer by far than your Princes.

DARTENEUF.

Oh that I had but lived in *the bleſſed Reign* of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the Honour of dining with their ſlaves!

APICIUS.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their *good times*. They carried the Glories of their Table much farther than the beſt Eaters of the Age that I lived in. Vitellius ſpent in

See Bayle Apicius, Athenæus, l. 1. p. 7.

Arbuthnot, c. 5. eating and drinking within one year, what would amount in your Money to above ſeven Millions two hundred thouſand pounds. He told me ſo himſelf in a Converſation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall ſhort of his Royal Magnificence.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe indeed were *great Princes*. But what affects me moſt is the Diſh of that *Player*, that damned Fellow Æſopus. I can't bear to think of his having lived ſo much better than I. Pray of what Ingredients might the Diſh, he paid ſo much for, conſiſt?

APICIUS.

Arbuthnot, p. 133. Chiefly of *ſinging Birds*. It was *that* which ſo greatly enhanced the Price.

DARTENEUF.

Of *ſinging Birds!* Choak him. — I never eat but *one*, which I ſtole from a Lady of my Acquaintance, and all London was in an Uproar about it, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted a Child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have ſo much reaſon to envy Æſopus. For the

ſinging

ſinging Bird which I eat was no better in its Taſte than a fat Lark or Thruſh. It was not ſo good as a Wheatear or *Becaſigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect that all the Luxury you have bragged of was nothing but Vanity and fooliſh Expence. It was like that of the Son of Æſopus, who diſſolved Pearls in Vinegar and drunk them at Supper. I'll be damned, if a Haunch of Veniſon, and my favourite *Ham Pye*, were not much better Diſhes than any at the Table of Vitellius himſelf. I don't find that you ever had any good Soops, without which no Man *of Taſte* can poſſibly dine. The Rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat: and what is better than *the Wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* Rabbits? I have been told that you had no Turkies. The Mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured. And as for your Boars *roaſted whole*, I deſpiſe them. They were only fit to be ſerved up to the Mob, at a Corporation Feaſt or Election Dinner. A ſmall *Barbecued Hog* is worth a hundred of them. And a good Collar of Shrewſbury Brawn is a much better Diſh.

Pope's Imit. of Hor. Sat. I. l. 46.

APICIUS.

If you had ſome kinds of Meat that we wanted, yet our Cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to Your's. Our Cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to Hog's Fleſh the Taſte of all other Meats.

See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

DARTENEUF.

I ſhould not have liked their damned Imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good *Connoiſſeur* the Copy of a fine Picture for the Original. Our Cooks, on the contrary, give to all other Meats a rich flavour of Bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. I have not the leaſt doubt that our *Eſſence of Hams* is a much better Sauce than any that ever was uſed by the Ancients. We have a hundred *Ragouts*, the compoſition of which exceeds all Deſcription. Had your's been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon Couches, while you were eating. They would have made you ſit up and attend to your Buſineſs. Then you had a Cuſtom of hearing Things *read to you* while you were at Supper. This ſhews you were not ſo well entertained as we are

with

with our Meat. For my own part, when I was at Table, I could mind nothing elſe: I neither heard, ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only ſmelt and taſted. But the worſt of all is, that you had no Wine fit to be named with good Claret, or Burgundy, or Champagne, or Old Hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your *Falernum:* but I have taſted the *Lachrymæ Chriſti*, and other Wines that grow upon the ſame Coaſt, not one of which would I drink above a Glaſs or two of, if you would give me the Kingdom of Naples. You boiled your Wines, and mixed Water with them; which ſhews that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS.

I am afraid you beat us in Wines; not to mention your Cyder, Perry, and Beer, of all which I have heard great fame from ſome Engliſh, with whom I have talked; and their Report has been confirmed by the Teſtimony of their Neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful Things have been alſo ſaid to me of a Liquor called *Punch*.

DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

Ay — to have died without taſting *That* is unhappy indeed! There is *Rum Punch*, and *Arrack Punch!* It is hard to ſay which is beſt: but Jupiter would have given his *Nectar* for either of them, upon my Word and Honour.

APICIUS.

The Thought of it puts me into a Fever with Thirſt. From whence do you get your Arrack, and your Rum?

DARTENEUF.

Why, from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, which you knew nothing of. *That* is enough to decide the Diſpute. Your Trade to the Eaſt Indies was very far ſhort of what we carry on: and the Weſt Indies were not diſcovered. What a new World of good Things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to Us? Think of *That*, and deſpair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but lament my ill Fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of Chocolate,

Chocolote, Pine Apples, and twenty other fine Meats, or fine Fruits produced there, which I have never taſted. What an advantage is it to you, that all your Sweetmeats, Tarts, Cakes, and other Delicacies of that nature, are ſweetened with Sugar, inſtead of Honey, which we were obliged to make uſe of, for want of that Plant! But what grieves me moſt is, that I never eat a *Turtle*. They tell me that it is abſolutely the Beſt of all Foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo: — but I never eat any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never eat any Turtle! How didſt thou dare accuſe me of not going to Sandwich, to eat Oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America, to riot on *Turtles?* But know, wretched Man, that I am informed, they are now as plentiful in England as Sturgeon. There are *Turtle-boats* that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt ſeen a fat Alderman, who died in London laſt Week, of

of a Surfeit he got at a *Turtle Feaſt* in that City.

DARTENEUF.

What does he ſay? does he tell you that *Turtle* is better than *Veniſon!*

APICIUS.

He ſays, there was a Haunch of Veniſon untouched, while every Mouth was employed on the Turtle: that he eat till he fell aſleep in his Chair, and that the Food was ſo wholeſome, he ſhould not have died, if he had not unluckily caught Cold in his Sleep, which ſtopped his Perſpiration and hurt his Digeſtion.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! how imperfect is human Felicity! I lived in an Age when the Pleaſure of Eating was thought to be carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France. And yet a *Turtle feaſt* is a Novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one Day, juſt to taſte of that Food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the Quantity I would eat before the next Morning.

APICIUS.

You have forgot, Sir, that you have no *Body:* That which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the Earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a Hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have eat Dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next Age will eat ſome unknown to the preſent. New Diſcoveries will be made, and new Delicacies brought from other Parts of the World. We muſt both be Philoſophers. We muſt be thankful *for the good Things we have had*, and not grudge others *better*, if they fall to their Share. Conſider, that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our Stomachs would hold: And *that* we did every day of our lives. — But ſee; who come's hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your Diſcourſe; a Privilege which we Deities uſe when we pleaſe. Attend therefore to a Diſcovery which I ſhall make to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you were talking.

talking. I know two Men, one of whom lived in ancient and the other in modern times, that had more Pleaſure in Eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

APICIUS.

One of theſe, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French Gentleman ſettled in the Weſt-Indies.

MERCURY.

No: one was a Spartan Soldier and the other an Engliſh Farmer. — I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed. But what I tell you is Truth. The Soldier never eat his *black Broth* till the Exerciſes, to which by their Diſcipline the Spartan Troops were obliged, had got him ſuch an Appetite, that he could have gnawed a Bone like a Dog. The Farmer was out at the Tail of his Plough, or ſome other wholeſome Labour, from Morning till Night; and when he came home his Wife dreſſed him a piece of good Beef, or a fine barn-door Fowl and a Pudding for his Dinner, which he eat much more ravenouſly, and conſequently with a great deal more reliſh and pleaſure, than you did your *Tripotanum* or your *Ham Pye*. Your Stomachs were always

always ſo overcharged, that I queſtion if ever you felt real Hunger, or eat one Meal in twenty Years without forcing your Appetites, which makes all things inſipid. I tell you therefore again, that the Soldier and the Farmer had much more of the Joy of Eating than You.

DARTENEUF.

This is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a Turtle Feaſt. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong Syſtem, and never had any *true Notions of Pleaſure.*

APICIUS.

It is a ſad Thing not to know what *good Living* is before one is *dead.* I wiſh, Mercury, you had taught me your *Art of Cookery* in my Life-time, or held your tongue about it *here.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR Majesty seems in very great Wrath! Who has offended you? What is the Matter?

CHARLES.

The Offence is to you as much as to me. Here is a Fellow got into Elysium, who has most impudently affronted us both. It is an English Poet, one Pope. He has called us *two Madmen!*

Pope's Essay on Man, Ep. iv. l. 219,20.

ALEXANDER.

I have been very unlucky in Poets. No Prince was ever more fond of the Muses, or received from them a more ungrateful Return!

Return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, becauſe he had a Homer to ſing his Exploits, and I moſt liberally rewarded Chœrilus, a Pretender to Poetry, for having endeavoured to celebrate mine: but my Bounty, inſtead of doing me Honour, has ſince drawn upon me the cenſures of Horace, a witty Roman Poet, as ſhewing only my want of Taſte; and Lucan, another Poet of the ſame nation, has loaded my Memory with the harſheſt Invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of Theſe; but I know that in my time, a French Satiriſt, one Boileau, made ſo free with your Character, that I tore his book for having abuſed *my favourite Hero*. And now this ſaucy Engliſhman has libelled us both. — But I have a Propoſal to make to you for the Reparation of our Honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe Scriblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of Pluto and all his Guards.

See Porriatowſki's Remarks on Voltaire's Hiſtory of Charles XII.

ALEXANDER.

This is juſt ſuch a Scheme as your's at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there, with three hundred Swedes, againſt the whole Force of the Ottoman Empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch Follies gave Pope too much cauſe to call you *a Madman*.

CHARLES.

If my Heroiſm was *Madneſs*, your's, I preſume, was not *Wiſdom*.

ALEXANDER.

There was a vaſt Difference between your Conduct and mine. All my Plans and Operations of War were well laid, and carried on with great Prudence. My Meaſures were proper to anſwer my Ends; and, let Poets or Declaimers ſay what they will, whoever reads the Hiſtory of my Life with Attention will find that I was an able and wiſe Politician, as well as a brave and intrepid Soldier. But you, by unwiſely leading your Army into the vaſt and barren Deſerts of the Ukraine, at the approach of the Winter, expoſed it to periſh for want of Subſiſtence, loſt your Artillery, loſt a great Part of your Troops

by cold and fatigue, and were forced to fight with the Muſcovites under ſuch diſadvantages, as made it almoſt impoſſible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not diſpute your Superiority as a General. It is not for me, *a meer Mortal*, to contend with *the Son of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEXANDER.

I ſuppoſe you think my pretending that Jupiter was my Father as much entitles me to the name of *a Madman*, as your Behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly miſtaken. It was my Policy, not my Vanity, which formed that Pretenſion. When I propoſed to undertake the conqueſt of Aſia, it was neceſſary for me to appear to the People *ſomething more than a Man*. They had been uſed to Ideas of *Demigod Heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal Deſcent with Oſiris and Seſoſtris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former Conquerors of the Eaſt. The Opinion of my Divinity aſſiſted my Arms, and helped to ſubdue all Nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But though I called myſelf *the Son of Jupiter*,

and kept up the Veneration that name inſpired, by the extraordinary Courage I ſhewed, and the ſublime Magnanimity of all my Behaviour, I did not forget *that I was the Son of Philip.* I uſed the Policy of my Father, and the wiſe Leſſons of Ariſtotle, whom he had made my Preceptor, to conduct and advance my Heroic Deſigns. It was *the Son of Philip*, who planted Greek Colonies in all Aſia, as far as the Indies; who formed Projects of Trade more great and extenſive than his Empire itſelf; who laid the foundations of them in the midſt of his Wars; who built Alexandria, to be the Centre and Staple of Commerce between Europe, Aſia, and Africk; who ſent Nearchus to navigate the Indian Seas, and propoſed to have gone himſelf from thoſe Seas to the Pillars of Hercules, that is to have explored the Paſſage round Africk, the Diſcovery of which has ſince done ſuch Honour to Vaſquez de Gama. It was *the Son of Philip*, who, after ſubduing the Perſians, governed them with ſuch Lenity, ſuch Juſtice, ſuch Wiſdom, that they loved him even more than their natural Kings; and who, by Intermarriages, and all Methods moſt fit to produce a Coalition and Union between the

See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

the Conquerors and the Conquered, cemented and modelled them into one People. But how did you, Sir, behave when your Arms were ſucceſsful? What did you do to advance the Trade of your Subjects, to procure any Benefit to thoſe you had vanquiſhed, or to convert any Enemy into a Friend?

CHARLES.

When I might have made myſelf King of Poland, and was adviſed to do ſo, by Count Piper, my favourite Miniſter, I choſe rather to act a generous Part, and give that kingdom to Staniſlas, as you gave ſome of your Conqueſts in India to Porus, beſides his own Realm, which you reſtored to him after you had beaten his Army and taken him Captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the Government of thoſe States *under me*, and as my *Lieutenant*; which was the beſt way of preſerving my Power in Conqueſts where I could not leave Garriſons ſufficient to keep them. The ſame Policy was afterwards practiſed by the Romans in the diſtant Parts of their

Empire. But neither was I, nor were they ſo extravagant, as to conquer *only for Others*, or to dethrone Kings with no View, but merely to have the pleaſure of beſtowing their Crowns on ſome other Perſon of the ſame nation, without any advantage to ourſelves or our People. Nevertheleſs, I will own, that my Expedition to India was an Exploit *of the Son of Jupiter*, not of *the Son of Philip*. I had done better if I had ſtaid to give more Conſiſtency to my Perſian and Græcian Empires, inſtead of attempting more Conqueſts ſo ſoon. Yet this War was of Uſe to hinder my Troops from being corrupted by the Effeminacy of Aſia, and to keep up that Awe of my Name, which was the great Support of my Power. And, whatever you may have done in other reſpects, you did not, I am ſure, take example by me, in your behaviour to the King you had vanquiſhed. Your obliging Auguſtus to write *a Letter of Congratulation* himſelf to the Perſon, whom in his ſtead you had made King of Poland, was the Reverſe of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous Inſult upon his ill fortune! It was the Triumph of a *little* and a *low* Mind! The Viſit you made him after

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

after that Inſult was a farther contempt, offenſive to him, and both uſeleſs and dangerous to yourſelf.

CHARLES.

I feared no Danger from it. — I knew he durſt not uſe the Power I gave him of doing me Harm.

ALEXANDER.

If his Reſentment had prevailed over his Fear, as it might, you would have periſhed by your Inſolence and Preſumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all Dangers which I thought it was proper for me to meet, I never put myſelf one moment in the power of any Perſon whom I had offended. But you had the Raſhneſs of *Folly* as well as of *Heroiſm*. A falſe Opinion conceived of your Enemy's Weakneſs proved at laſt your Undoing. When, in anſwer to ſome Propoſitions of Peace, ſent to you by the Czar, you ſaid, "*You would come and treat* "*with him at Moſcow*;" he replied very juſtly, "*That you affected to act like Alex-*"*ander*; *but that you ſhould not find in Him* "*a Darius.*" And, doubtleſs, you ought to have been better acquainted with the Character of that Prince. Had Perſia been

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

governed by a *Peter Alexiowitz* when I attacked it, I ſhould have acted more cautiouſly, and not have counted ſo much on the ſuperiority of my Troops, in Valour and Diſcipline, over an Army led by a King, who was capable of inſtructing them in all that they wanted.

CHARLES.

The Battle of Narva, won by eight thouſand Swedes againſt fourſcore thouſand Ruſſians, ſeemed to authorize my contempt of them and their Prince.

ALEXANDER.

It happened that he was not himſelf in that Battle. But he had not as yet had the time that was neceſſary to diſcipline and inſtruct his barbarous Soldiers. You gave him that time, and he uſed it ſo well, that you found at Pultowa the Ruſſians become quite a different Nation. Had you followed the Blow you gave them at Narva, and marched on to Moſcow, you might have deſtroyed *their Hercules in his Cradle*. But you left him to grow, till his Strength was mature, and then acted as if he was ſtill in his Childhood.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

I muſt confeſs you excelled me in Conduct, in Policy, and in true Magnanimity. But my Liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither You nor any Mortal has ever ſurpaſſed me in the Enthuſiaſm of Courage and Valour. I was alſo free from thoſe Vices which ſullied your Character. I never was drunk; I killed no Friend in the Riot of a Feaſt; I fired no Palace at the Inſtigation of a Harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may perhaps be admitted as ſome Excuſe for my Drunkenneſs, that the Perſians eſteemed it an Excellence in their Kings to be able to drink a great deal of Wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a Diſhonour. But you were as frantic and cruel when ſober, as I was when drunk. You were ſober when you reſolved to continue in Turkey againſt the Will of the *Grand Signor*. You were ſober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whoſe only crime was his having maintained the Rights of his Country, and who bore the ſacred Character of an Embaſſador, to be broke

See Voltaire's Charles XII.

broke alive on the Wheel, againſt the Laws of Nations, and thoſe of Humanity, more inviolable ſtill to a generous Mind. You were ſober too when you wrote to the Senate of Sweden, who, upon a Report of your Death, endeavoured to take ſome care of your Kingdom, *that you would ſend them one of your Boots, and they ſhould receive their Orders from That, if they pretended to meddle in Government:* An Inſult much worſe than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was moſt heated with Wine and with Adulation! As for my Chaſtity, it was not, I own, ſo perfect as your's, though I obtained great Praiſe for my Continence: but perhaps if you had been not quite ſo inſenſible to the Charms of the Sex, it would have mitigated and ſoftened the Fierceneſs, the Pride, and the Obſtinacy of your Nature.

CHARLES.

It would have ſoftened me into a Woman, or, what I think meaner ſtill, the Slave of a Woman. But I deny that you never were cruel or frantic unleſs you were drunk. You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæſtion's Phyſician, for not curing

curing a Man who killed himſelf by his Intemperance in his Sickneſs; nor when you ſacrificed to the Manes of that favourite Officer the whole Nation of the Cuſſeans, Men, Women, and Children, who were entirely innocent of his Death; becauſe you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated ſome Trojan Captives on the Tomb of Patroclus. I could mention more Proofs that your Paſſions inflamed you as much as Wine: but theſe are ſufficient.

See Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

ALEXANDER.

I can't deny that my Paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to take from me the Uſe of my Reaſon; eſpecially when the Pride of ſuch amazing Succeſſes, the Servitude of the Perſians, and Barbarian Flattery, had intoxicated my Mind. To bear, at my Age, ſuch Fortune as mine, with Moderation and Sobriety, was hardly in human Nature. As for you, there was an Exceſs and Intemperance in your Virtues, which turned them all into Vices. And one Virtue you wanted, which in a Prince is of very great moment, and which I poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, namely, the

the Love of Science and Arts. Under my Care and Protection they were carried in Greece to their utmoſt Perfection. You ſunk them in Sweden, and were yourſelf as mere *a Goth*, as the Alaricks and the Genſericks your Predeceſſors. Ariſtotle, Apelles, and Lyſippus were among the Glories of my Reign: Your's was illuſtrated only by Battles.—Upon the whole, though from ſome Reſemblance between us I ſhould be inclined to decide in your Favour, yet I muſt give the Preference in Fame to your Enemy, Peter the Great. He *raiſed* his Country; You *ruined* your's. He was a *Legiſlator*, you were a *Tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES — Cardinal WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU ſeem to look on me, Ximenes, as if you imagined I was not your Equal. Have you forgotten that I was the Favourite and the Firſt Miniſter of a Great King of England. That I was at once Lord High Chancellor, Biſhop of Durham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Archbiſhop of York, and Cardinal Legate. On what other Subject were ever accumulated ſo many Dignities, ſuch Honours, ſuch Power!

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourſelf equal to me, you tell me *what you had*, and not *what you did*. But it is not the having great Offices; it is the doing great Things, that makes

makes a great Miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the Mind of King Henry the eighth with an abſolute Sway, and conſequently his Kingdom. Let me hear then what were *the Acts of your Reign?*

WOLSEY.

My *Acts* were thoſe of a moſt ſkilful Courtier and able Politician. I managed a Temper, which Nature had made the hardeſt to manage, of any, perhaps, that ever exiſted, with ſo much addreſs, that all its Paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my Inclinations. In foreign Affairs, I diſpoſed of the Friendſhip, or turned the Arms of my Maſter, to which ever ſide my own particular Intereſts chanced to direct. It was not indeed with *Him*, but with *Me*, that Treaties were made by the Emperor or by France; and none were concluded that did not contain ſome Article in my Favour, beſides ſecret Aſſurances of aiding my Ambition or my Reſentment, which were the true Springs of the Negociations. At home I brought the Pride of the Engliſh Nobility to humble itſelf, and bow to the Son of a *Butcher of Ipſwich*. And as my Power was *Royal*, my

my State and Magnificence were ſuitable to it: My Buildings, my Furniture, my Houſhold, my Equipage, my Liberalities, and my Charities, were all above the rank of a Subject.

XIMENES.

From all you have ſaid it appears that you gained great Advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your Miniſtry, too great indeed for a good Man to deſire, or a wiſe Man to accept. But what did you do for *your Prince*, for *the State?* — You make me no Anſwer. — What I did is well known. I was not content with obliging the Pride of the Spaniſh Nobility to ſtoop to my Power, but delivered *the People* from their Oppreſſions. In you they reſpected the Royal Authority; I made them reſpect *the Majeſty of the Laws.* I alſo relieved the Commons of Caſtile from a moſt grievous Burthen, by an Alteration in the Method of Collecting their Taxes. After the Death of Iſabella I preſerved the Tranquillity of Arragon and Caſtile, by procuring the Regency of the latter for Ferdinand, though he had not been my Friend during the Life of the Queen. And when I was raiſed myſelf to the Regency after the deceaſe

See Marſollier Vie de Ximeſne.

deceaſe of that Prince, by the Eſteem and Affection of the Caſtilians, I acted with Courage, Firmneſs, and Prudence; with the moſt perfect Diſintereſtedneſs in regard to myſelf, and with the moſt zealous Concern for the Public. I ſuppreſſed all the Factions which threatened to diſturb the Peace of that Kingdom in the Minority and the Abſence of the young King; and ſtopped the diſcontents of the People of Caſtile, too juſtly incenſed againſt the Flemiſh Miniſters, who governed their Prince and pillaged their Country, from breaking out into open Rebellion, as they did, moſt unhappily, after my Death. Theſe were my *Civil Acts:* but to complete the Renown of my Adminiſtration, I added to it the Palm of Military Glory. At my own charges, and acting myſelf at the head of an Army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it to the Spaniſh Dominions.

WOLSEY.

My Soul was as elevated and noble as your's; my Underſtanding as ſtrong, and more refined. But the Difference of our Conduct aroſe from the Difference of our Objects. Your's was to raiſe your Reputation, and

and ſecure your Power in Caſtile, by making that kingdom as happy, as flouriſhing, and as Great as you could. Mine was to procure *the Triple Crown* for myſelf by the Aſſiſtance of my Sovereign and of Foreign Powers. Each of us took the moſt proper Means to attain his Deſire.

XIMENES.

Can you confeſs ſuch a Principle of your Conduct without a Bluſh? But you will at leaſt be aſhamed, that you failed in your View, and were the Dupe of the Powers with whom you negociated; after having diſhonoured your Maſter, in order to ſerve your own ſelfiſh Ambition. I accompliſhed my Purpoſe, with Glory to my Sovereign, and Advantage to my Country. Beſides this Difference, there was a great one in the Methods by which we acquired our Power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of Princes; but I gained Iſabella's by the Opinion ſhe had of my Piety and Integrity: You gained Henry's by a Complaiſance and a courſe of Life which were a Reproach to your Character and your Order.

WOLSEY.

I did not, I confeſs, carry with me to Court the Auſterity of a Monk; as you did, Ximenes: nor, if I had, could I have gained any Influence there. Iſabella and Henry were different Characters, and their Favour was to be ſought in a different Manner. By making myſelf agreeable to my Prince, I ſo governed his Paſſions, that, while I lived, they did not produce thoſe dreadful Effects that aroſe from them preſently after my Death. He was like a fiery Steed, which, when rid by a ſkilful Horſeman, only foams, and champs the Bitt; but, if mounted by one who does not underſtand the Management of him, breaks the Curb that reſtrains him, leaps over all Fences, and throws to the Ground his ignorant Rider.

XIMENES.

If Henry the Eighth had been king of Caſtile, I would not have been drawn by him out of my Cloiſter. A Man of Virtue and Spirit will never deſire to go into a Court, where he cannot riſe without Baſeneſs.

WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

The Inflexibility of your Mind had like to have ruined you in ſome of your Meaſures: and the Bigottry, which you had derived from your long Abode in a Cloiſter and retained when a Miniſter, was very near depriving Caſtile of its new-conquered Realm of Granada, by the Revolt of the Moors in that City, whom you forced prematurely to change their Religion. You muſt remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account: and ſurely he had reaſon!

See Marſolier Vie de Ximeſne.

XIMENES.

I own he had. — My Zeal for Religion was too hot and ſevere.

WOLSEY.

The unjuſt and inhuman Court of Inquiſition, eſtabliſhed by you to watch over the Faith of your Converts at Granada, Converts only in name, has ſince been the Diſgrace and Ruin of Spain. My worſt Complaiſances to Henry the Eighth were far leſs hurtful to England, than this Juriſdiction, which you ſettled in it, has been to your Country.

XIMENES.

I only revived an ancient Tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our *Saints* againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater Powers. The Miſchiefs attending it can't be denied. But if any Force may be uſed for the Maintenance of Religion (and the Church of Rome has, you know, declared that it may) none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the Purpoſe.

WOLSEY.

This is an Argument rather againſt the Opinion of the Church, than for the Inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy, that my Adminiſtration was ſtained with no Action of Cruelty, not even Cruelty ſanctified by the name of Religion. My Temper indeed was much milder than your's. To the Proud I was proud; but to my Friends and Inferiors I was benevolent, kind, and humane. Had I ſucceeded in the great Object of my Ambition, had I acquired the Popedom, I ſhould have governed the Church with much more Moderation, and better Senſe, than you would have done, if you had exchanged the See of Toledo for that of Rome.

Rome. My Good-nature, my Policy, my Taſte for Magnificence, my Love of the fine Arts, of Wit, and of Learning, would have made me the Delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt Princes. Whereas in you the ſour Bigot and rigid Monk would have prevailed over the Stateſman and over the Prince.

XIMENES.

What you or I ſhould have been in that ſituation does not appear. But if you are compared to me as a Miniſter, you are vaſtly inferior. The only Circumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any Equality is the Encouragement given by you to Learning, and your Munificence to promote it, which was indeed very great. Your Colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my Univerſity at *Alcala de Henara*. But in our Generoſity there was this Difference: All my Revenues were ſpent in well-placed Liberalities, in Acts of Charity, Piety, Virtue: Whereas a great Part of your laviſh Expences was laid out in Luxury and vain Oſtentation. With regard to all other

Points my Superiority is apparent. You were only a Favourite: I was the Friend and the Father of the People. You ſerved the King, or rather yourſelf: I ſerved the State. The Concluſion of our Lives was alſo much more to my Honour than your's. I died in Diſgrace, as well as you: but my Diſgrace was brought upon me by a Faction of Foreigners, to whoſe Power, as a good Spaniard, I would not ſubmit. A Miniſter who falls a Victim to ſuch an Oppoſition Riſes by his Fall. It is the nobleſt End he can wiſh. Your's was not graced by any Public Cauſe, any Merit to the Nation. Your Spirit therefore ſunk under it; you bore it with Meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my Enemies, ſuperior to Fortune; and I died as I had lived; with all the ſame Dignity and Greatneſs of Mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN — RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND Rabelais, well met. — Our Souls are good company for one another. We both were great Wits, and moſt audacious Freethinkers. We laughed often at Folly, and ſometimes at Wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my Style: but then, in return, you had a greater Fertility of Imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior, in Fancy and Invention, in Force of Wit and Keenneſs of Satire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel.*

RABELAIS.

You do me great Honour: but I really think, that both thoſe books entitle their

Authors to a good Place, among Memoire-writers, Travellers, and even Hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtleſs they do. But will you allow me to aſk you one Queſtion. Why did you write ſuch abſolute *Nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome Places of your illuſtrious Work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my Phyſic for the Mind with a large Doſe of Nonſenſe, to make it go down. In plain terms, if I had not ſo frequently put on *the Fool's Cap*, the freedoms I took with *Cowls*, with *red Hats*, and *the triple Crown itſelf*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my Book, but I, ſhould have been probably condemned to the Flames. And Martyrdom was an Honour to which I muſt own I never aſpired. I therefore counterfeited Folly, like Junius Brutus, from a wiſe Principle of Self-preſervation. You, Lucian, had no need to uſe ſo much Caution. Your Heathen Prieſts deſired only a Sacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a Mark of *Conformity*; and

allowed him to make as free as he pleaſed, in Converſation or Writings, with the whole Tribe of Gods and Goddeſſes, from Jupiter down to *the Dog Anubis* and the fragrant Dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather our Government allowed us that liberty! for I aſſure you our Prieſts were by no means pleaſed with it, at leaſt in my time.

RABELAIS.

They were great Fools if they were: for, in ſpite of the Conformity required by the Laws, and enforced by the Magiſtrate, that Ridicule brought the Syſtem of Pagan Theology into contempt, not only with the Philoſophical Part of Mankind, but even with the Vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did ſo, and the ableſt Defenders of Paganiſm were forced to give up the Poetical Fables, and *allegorize the whole*.

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing Senſe out of Folly, and grave Inſtructions from Lewdneſs

Lewdneſs and Vice! There is a great modern Wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his Treatiſe entitled *The Wiſdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own Prieſts!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed ſhewn himſelf an admirable Chymiſt, and made a fine Tranſmutation of Folly into Wiſdom. But all the latter Platoniſts took the ſame Method of defending our Faith, when it was attacked by the Chriſtians: and a judicious Method it was. Our Fables ſay, that, in one of their Wars with the Titans, the Gods were defeated, and forced to turn themſelves into *Beaſts*, to eſcape from the Conquerors. Juſt the Reverſe happened here: — For, by this happy Art, our *beaſtly Divinities* were turned into rational Beings again.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good Commentator, with a ſubtle, refined, Philoſophical Head; and ſee whether he will not be able to draw *the moſt ſublime Allegories*, and the moſt venerable *Myſtical Truths*, from my Hiſtory of the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel!

gruel! I don't deſpair of being proved, to the entire Satisfaction of ſome future Age, to be the profoundeſt *Divine* and *Metaphyſician* that ever wrote.

LUCIAN.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you advanced to that Honour. But in the mean time I may take the liberty to conſider you as one of our Claſs. There you ſit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another whom you would bid ſit above me, and a modern Author too: I mean Dr. Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not neceſſary for him to throw *ſo much Nonſenſe* into his Hiſtory of Lemuel Gulliver, as you did into that of your two famous Heroes; and his Style is by far more pure and correct. His Wit never deſcended (as your's often did) into the loweſt of Taverns, nor wore the meaneſt Garb of the Vulgar. But whether there was not in your compoſitions more *Fire*, and a more *Comic Spirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, e'en let it remain a Point in diſpute, as I have left the great Queſtion, *Whether Panurge ſhould marry or not?* For my own part, I can ſay nothing to it: I am no Critic — I would as ſoon undertake to meaſure the difference between the Height and Bulk of the Giant Garagantua and His Brobdignian Majeſty, as the difference of Merit between my Writings and Swift's. If any man takes a fancy to like my Book, let him freely enjoy the delight that it gives him, and drink to my Memory in a Bumper. If another likes Gulliver, let him toaſt Dr. Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a Bumper, that is, *ſuppoſing the Wine to be good.* If a third likes neither of us, let him ſilently paſs the Bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A Critic is an unquiet Creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will diſturb himſelf, but not me.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater Philoſopher ſtill than I thought you! I knew very well you paid no reſpect to Popes, or to Kings; but to pay none to Critics is a Magnanimity in an Author beyond all Example.

RABELAIS.

My Life was a Farce: my Death was a Farce: and would you have me make my Book a ſerious Affair? As for you, though in general you are but a Joker, yet ſometimes you muſt be ranked among the grave Authors. You have writ ſage Diſſertations on Hiſtory, and other grave Matters. The Critics have therefore a Right to maul you: they find you in their Province. But if they dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to ſwallow them up, as he did the ſix Pilgrims, in his next Sallad.

See Rabelais, l. i. c. 38.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good, ſerious Book, on the Aphoriſms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

RABELAIS.

Upon my Faith, I had forgot it. I am ſo uſed to my *Fool's coat*, that I don't know myſelf in my grave *Doctor's Gown*. But you ſay very truly: that Book was indeed a good, ſerious Work. Yet no body reads it; and, if I had writ nothing elſe, I ſhould have been reckoned at beſt *a Lacquey to Hippocrates:* whereas the Hiſtorian of *Friar John* and *Panurge* is *an eminent Writer*. Good Senſe is, like a Diſh of plain Beef or Mutton, proper only for Peaſants; but *a Ragout of Folly*, well dreſſed with *a ſharp Sauce of Wit*, is fit to be ſerved at an Emperor's Table.

LUCIAN.

You are a rare, pleaſant Fellow! Let me embrace you. — How Apollo and the Muſes may rank you on Parnaſſus I am not very ſure: but, if I were Maſter of the Ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you ſhould be placed at the right hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wiſh you were — but I fear the Inhabitants of thoſe ſublime Regions will like

like your company no better than mine. Indeed, how Momus himſelf could get thither I can't comprehend! It has been uſual, I own, in our Courts upon Earth, to have a priviledged Jeſter, called *the King's Fool.* But in the Court of Heaven one ſhould not have ſuppoſed ſuch an Officer, as *Jupiter's Fool.* Your Allegorical Theology *there* was a little abſurd.

LUCIAN.

I think our Prieſts admitted Momus into our Heaven, as the Indians worſhip the Devil, through Fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. — For, we may talk of the *Giants* as much as we pleaſe; but to *our Gods* there is no Enemy ſo dreadful as He. *Ridicule* is the Scourge of all *falſe Religion.* Nothing but *Truth* can ſtand its attacks.

RABELAIS.

Truth, when ſhe is ſet in a good and fair Light, can ſtand its Attacks: but they are often ſo teaſing and ſo fallacious, that I have ſeen them put her Ladyſhip very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

LUCIAN.

Ay; and ſometimes out of Countenance too. But *Truth* and *Wit* joined will ſtrike Momus dumb. When they are in Alliance they are invincible: and ſuch an Alliance is neceſſary upon certain Occaſions. *Falſe Reaſoning* is beſt expoſed by *Plain Senſe*; but *Wit* is the beſt Opponent to *falſe Ridicule*; as *juſt Ridicule* is to all the *Abſurdities*, which dare to aſſume the venerable Names of *Philoſophy*, or *Religion*. Had we always made ſuch a Uſe of our Talents; had we employed our Ridicule to ſtrip the fooliſh faces of Superſtition, Fanaticiſm, and Dogmatical Pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn Maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting our Wit, to combat the Flippancy and Pertneſs of Thoſe, who argue only by Jeſts againſt Reaſon and Evidence, in Points of the higheſt and moſt ſerious Concern, we ſhould have much better deſerved the Eſteem of Mankind, and ſhould have reflected *here* on our Writings, with much more Satisfaction than we can now, whatever outward Gaiety we may affect.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.
COSMO DE MEDICIS, the First of that Name.

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your Character and your Fortune, illuſtrious Coſmo, I find a great Reſemblance with mine. We both lived in Republics where the chief Power was in the People; and, without any Force, by mere civil Acts, but more eſpecially by our Eloquence, attained to ſuch a degree of Authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy Democracies with an abſolute Sway, turned the Tempeſts which agitated them upon our Enemies, and after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt Affairs, in War and in Peace, died revered and lamented by all our Fellow-Citizens.

See Plutarch's Life of Pericles, and Thucydides, l. 2. See alſo Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence from the fourteenth Book to the eighth.

COSMO.

We both indeed have an equal Right to value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of Empires*, the Empire we gained over *the Minds* of our Countrymen. — *Force*, or *Caprice* may give *Power*, but nothing can give *a laſting Authority*, except *Wiſdom and Virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our ſeveral Countries, a Dominion unſtained by Uſurpation or Blood, a Dominion conferred on us by the public Eſteem and the public Affection. We were in reality Sovereigns, while we lived with the Simplicity of private Men: and Athens and Florence ſeemed to be free, though they obeyed all our Dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæſar. It is the Perfection of Policy to tame the fierce Spirit of popular Liberty, not by Blows, or by Chains, but by ſoothing it into a willing obedience, and making it lick the Hand that reſtrains it.

PERICLES.

The Taſk can never be eaſy; but it was ſtill harder to me than to you. For I had a Lion to tame, from whoſe Fury the

teſt Men of my Country, and of the
le World, could not ſave themſelves,
having performed the moſt glorious
ploits. Miltiades, Themiſtocles, Ari-
es were Examples of Terror to me,
might well have deterred me from
Adminiſtration of public Affairs. Ano-
Difficulty in my way was the Power
Cimon, who for his Goodneſs, his
erality, and the Luſtre of his great
ſtories over the Perſians, was much be-
ed by the People; and, at the ſame
e, by his being thought to favour Ari-
cracy, had all the noble and rich Citi-
s attached to his Party. Yet, by the
rms and force of my Eloquence, which
ceeded that of all Orators contemporary
h me, by the Integrity of my Life, my
oderation, and my Prudence, but, above
, by my Influence over the People,
oſe Power I encreaſed, and made it
Baſis and Support of my own, I
ined ſuch an Aſcendant over all my
ponents, that having firſt procured the
niſhment of Cimon by *Oſtraciſm*, and
n of Thucydides, another formidable
tagoniſt, ſet up by the Nobles againſt
Authority, I became the unrivalled
ief, or rather the *Monarch* of the

Athenian State, without ever putting
death, in above forty Years that my
miniſtration continued, one of my Fell
Citizens: a circumſtance, which I decla
when I lay on my Death-bed, to be
my own Judgment, more honourable
me, than all my Proſperity in the Gove
ment, or the nine Trophies, which I
erected for ſo many Victories, whic
had won.

COSMO.

I had the ſame Happineſs to boaſt o
my Death. Some Additions alſo w
made to the Territories of Florence un
my Government: but I myſelf was
Soldier, and our Republic was not, in
degree, either ſo warlike or potent
Athens. I muſt therefore entirely yi
you the Palm of Military Glory: an
will likewiſe acknowledge, that to gov
a People, whoſe Spirit and Pride w
exalted by the Victories of Marath
Mycalé, Salamis, and Platæa, was m
difficult than to rule the Florentines a
the Tuſcans. The Liberty of the Ath
nians was in your time more imperio
more haughty, more inſolent, than t
Deſpotiſm of the King of Perſia. H
gr

then muſt have been your Ability
Addreſs, that could ſo reduce it under
power! Yet the Temper of my
ntrymen was not eaſy to govern; for
s exceedingly factious and prone to
tion. The Hiſtory of Florence is little
for ſeveral Ages, than a Hiſtory of
ſpiracies and Civil Wars. In my Youth
yſelf ſuffered much by the Diſſentions
embroiled the Republic. I was im-
oned, and baniſhed; but after ſome
s was brought back in Triumph!
Enemies, in their turn, were driven
Exile: and from that time till my
th, which was above thirty Years, I
rned the State, not by Arms, or evil
of Tyrannical Power, but with a legal
hority; which I exerciſed ſo, as to gain
Eſteem of all the neighbouring Princes
ommonwealths, and ſuch a conſtant
ction of all my Fellow-Citizens, that
nſcription, which gave me the Title
ather of my Country, was engraved on
Monument by a Decree of the whole
mmonwealth.

PERICLES.

our End in ſome reſpects was more
y than mine. For you died, rather

of Age than a violent Illneſs, and left
Florentines in a State of Peace and
ſperity procured by your Counſels. B
died of the Plague, after having ſee
almoſt depopulate Athens; and left
Country engaged in a dangerous War
which my Advice had excited the Pe
The Misfortune of the Peſtilence, wit
inconveniencies they endured on acc
of the War, ſo irritated their Minds,
not long before my Death, they conde
me to a Fine: Yet they ſoon after
choſe me their General, and conferre
me again the entire Direction of all
Affairs. Had I lived, I ſhould ha
conducted the War, as to have end
with Advantage and Honour to A
For, having ſecured to her the Sovere
of the Sea, by the Defeat of the Sa
before I let her engage with the pow
Sparta, I knew that our Enemies w
be at length wearied out and compell
a Peace; becauſe the City, being too
for them to beſiege with ſuch an
within it, and drawing continual Su
from the Sea, ſuffered not much by
Ravages of the Country about it,
whence I had before removed all th
habitants: whereas their Allies were

done by the Deſcents we made on their Coaſts.

COSMO.

You ſeem to have underſtood beyond all other Men what Advantages are to be drawn from a *Maritime Power*, and how to make it the ſureſt Foundation of *Empire*.

PERICLES.

I followed the Plan traced out by Themiſtocles, the ableſt Politician that Greece had produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponneſian War (as ſome have ſuppoſed) only to make myſelf neceſſary, and ſtop an Enquiry into my Accounts. I really thought, that Athens could not defer any longer her Conteſt with Sparta, without giving up to that State the Precedence in the Direction of Greece, and her own Independence. To delay even a neceſſary War, with a View of making it afterwards more advantageouſly, is a moſt prudent Act: but not to make it, when you perceive, that you will be weakened, and your Enemy ſtrengthened by the Delay, is the higheſt Imprudence. With regard to my accounts I had nothing to fear. I had not

See Thucydides, l. 2.

embezzled one *Drachma* of public Money, nor added one to my own paternal Eſtate; and the People had ſhewn ſuch a Confidence in me, that they had allowed me to diſpoſe of large Sums for *ſecret Service*, without account. When therefore I adviſed the Peloponneſian War, I neither acted from private Views, nor with the Temerity of a reſtleſs Ambition; but as became a wiſe Stateſman, who, having weighed all the Dangers that may attend a great Enterpriſe, and ſeeing a rational Hope of Succeſs, chuſes to fight for Dominion and Glory, inſtead of loſing both for the ſake of an inſecure Peace.

See Plutarch in the Life of Pericles and Diodorus Siculus.

Thucydides, l. 2.

COSMO.

How were you ſure of being able to keep ſo lively a People to ſo ſteady and patient a Syſtem of Conduct as you had laid down: a Syſtem attended with much Inconvenience and Loſs to Particulars, while it offered but little to ſtrike or inflame the Imagination of the Public? Arduous Enterprizes, a vigorous War, and a ſpeedy Deciſion, are what the Multitude always deſire: but your Plan was the very Reverſe of all this: and the Execution of

it

it required the Temper of the Thebans, rather than of the Athenians.

PERICLES.

I found indeed many Symptoms of their Impatience: But I was able to check and reſtrain it, by the Authority I had acquired over their Minds. For I never had ſtooped to court their Affection by any baſe Means; never flattered them in their Follies, nor complied with their Paſſions againſt their true Intereſts and my own Judgment; but uſed the power of my Eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wiſe Moderation, to raiſe their Spirits, when they were too low, and ſhew them their Danger when they grew too preſumptuous; the good Effects of which Conduct they had experienced in all their Affairs. Whereas Thoſe who ſucceeded to me in the Government, by their Incapacity, their Corruption, and their ſervile Complaiſance to the Humour of the People, loſt all the Fruits of my Virtue and Prudence. Xerxes himſelf did not ſuffer more by the Flattery of his Courtiers, than the Athenians did by the Flattery of their Orators after my Death.

COSMO.

COSMO.

Thoſe Orators could not gain the Favour of the People by any other Methods. Your Arts were more noble: they were the Arts of a Stateſman and of a Prince. Your Magnificent Buildings, which in Beauty of Architecture ſurpaſſed any the World had ever beheld, the Statues of Phidias, the Paintings of Xeuxis, the Protection you gave to Knowledge and Genius of every kind, added as much to the Glory of Athens as to your Popularity. And in this I may boaſt of an equal Merit to Florence. For I embelliſhed that City and the Country about it with excellent Buildings; I protected all Arts; and, tho' I was not myſelf ſo learned as you, I paid as much Honour as you did to Thoſe who were eminent for their Learning. Marſilius Ficinus, *the ſecond Father of the Platonic Philoſophy*, lived in my Houſe, and converſed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras did with you. Nor did I ever forget and ſuffer him ſo to want the Neceſſaries of Life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had liked to have periſhed by that Neglect: but to ſecure him from any Diſtreſs in his circumſtances, and enable him to purſue his

See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

his ſublime Speculations undiſturbed by low cares, I gave him an Eſtate adjacent to one of my favourite Villas. I alſo drew to Florence Argiropolo, the moſt learned Greek of thoſe times, that under my Patronage he might inſtruct the Florentine Youth in the Language and Sciences of his Country. But with regard to our Buildings there is this Difference: Your's were all raiſed at the Expence of the Public, mine at my own.

PERICLES.

My Eſtate would not bear a laviſh Profuſeneſs, nor allow me to exert the Generoſity of my Nature. It was ſo ſmall, that I was obliged to obſerve a very ſtrict and frugal Oeconomy, in order to ſupport the neceſſary charges of my ſmall Houſehold. Whereas your Wealth exceeded that of any Particular, or indeed any Prince, who lived in your days. The Commerce which you carried on in all parts of the World, even while you were placed at the helm of the State, enabled you to do thoſe liberal Acts, which rendered your name ſo illuſtrious, and endeared you ſo much to the People of Florence. For my part, I was forced to make

make the public Treaſure the Fund of my Bounties, and I thought I could not diſpoſe of it better in time of Peace, than in employing that part of the People, which muſt elſe have been idle and uſeleſs to the Community, introducing into Greece all the elegant Arts, and adorning my Country with Works that do Honour to Human Nature. For, while I attended the moſt to theſe civil and peaceful Occupations, I did not neglect to provide againſt War, nor ſuffer the Nation to ſink into Luxury and effeminate Softneſs. I kept our Fleets in continual Exerciſe, maintained a great number of Seamen in Pay, and diſciplined well our Land-forces. Nor did I ever ceaſe, both by Precepts and by Example, to recommend to the Athenians Frugality, Temperance, Magnanimity, Fortitude, and whatever could moſt contribute to ſtrengthen their Bodies and Minds.

[1] Plutarch the Life Pericles Thucydes, l. 2.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the People leſs ſober and modeſt, by giving them part of the conquered Lands, and paying them Wages for their Attendance in the public Aſſemblies, and other

other civil Functions to which they were bound; beſides the vaſt Expence to the State in the Theatrical Spectacles with which you entertained them at the coſt of the Public.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I might be too laviſh in thoſe Bounties to them. —— Yet, in a Popular State it is neceſſary, that the People ſhould be amuſed, and ſhould ſo far partake of the Wealth of the Public, as not to ſuffer any Want, which would render their Minds too low and too ſordid for their Political Duties. In my time the Revenues of the State were ſufficient to bear this Expence: but afterwards, when we had loſt the greateſt part of our Empire, it became, I muſt own, too heavy a Burthen; and the continuance of it proved one Cauſe of our Ruin.

COSMO.

It is a moſt dangerous Thing to load the State with Largeſſes of that nature, or indeed with any unneceſſary, but *popular* Charges; becauſe to reduce them is almoſt impoſſible, though the Circumſtances of the Public ſhould ever ſo ſtrongly demand

a Reduction. But did not you likewiſe, in order to advance your own Greatneſs, throw into the hands of the People more Power than the Inſtitutions of Solon had entruſted them with, and more than conduced to the Good of the State?

PERICLES.

We are now in the Regions where Truth preſides, and I dare not offend her by playing *the Orator*, in defence of my Conduct. It is too true, that by weakening the Power of *the Court of the Areopagus*, I tore up *that Anchor*, which Solon had fixed, to keep his Republic ſtedfaſt and firm, againſt the Storms of Popular Factions. This Alteration, which fundamentally hurt the whole State, I made, to ſerve my own Views of Ambition, the only Paſſion in my nature which I could not contain within the Limits of Virtue. For, by diminiſhing the Counterpoiſe that our Conſtitution had ſettled to check the Exceſs of Popular Power, I augmented my own: becauſe I knew that my Eloquence would ſubject the People to me, and make them the Inſtruments of all my Deſires: whereas the Areopagus had an Authority and a Dignity in it which I could not controul.

ee Plutarch the Lives f Solon, nd of Peri- es.

Since

Since my Death I have been often ſeverely reproached by the Shades of ſome of the beſt and wiſeſt Athenians, who, in conſequence of this Change that I made in their Government, have fallen Victims to the Caprice or Rage of the People, with having been the firſt Cauſe of the Injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the Miſchiefs that were perpetually brought on my Country, by raſh Undertakings, bad Conduct, and fluctuating Counſels. They ſay, I delivered up the State to the Power of indiſcreet or venal Orators, and to the Paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated Multitude, who thought their Freedom conſiſted in encouraging Calumnies againſt the beſt Servants of the Republic, and conferring Power on thoſe who had no other Merit than falling in with and ſoothing a popular Folly. In vain do I plead, that during my Life none of theſe Miſchiefs happened; that I employed my Rhetoric to promote none but good and wiſe Meaſures; that I was as free from any Taint of Avarice or Corruption as Ariſtides himſelf. They reply, that when I took off from the Power of the People that neceſſary Curb, which our wiſe Lawgiver had placed, or at leaſt had confirmed, in the Court of the Areopagus,

See Thucydides, l. 2.

I became anſwerable to my Country for all the great Evils, which were brought upon it for want of ſuch a ſalutary Reſtraint. Socrates calls me the Patron of *Anytus*; and Solon himſelf frowns upon me, whenever we meet.

COSMO.

He has reaſon to do ſo; — for what would you think of the Architect you employed in your Buildings at Athens, if he had made them to laſt only during your Life? Certainly the beſt Citizen in a free Country is not he who is ſatisfied with governing wiſely for his own time; but he who leaves the Government in ſuch a ſtate, that no others ſhall have the power of abuſing their Truſt, and hurting the Republic.

PERICLES.

I agree to your Maxim: but I fear it will turn to your own Condemnation. Your exceſſive Liberalities to the indigent Citizens, and the great Sums you lent to all the noble Families, did in reality *buy* the Republic of Florence; and gave your Family ſuch a Power, as enabled

See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence, l. 7.

them to convert it from a Popular State into an abſolute Government.

COSMO.

The Florentines were ſo infeſted with Diſcord and Faction, and their Commonwealth was ſo void of *Military Virtue*, that they could not have long been exempt from Subjection to ſome *foreign Power*, if thoſe internal Diſſentions, with the Confuſion and Anarchy they cauſed, had continued. I and my Family have preſerved them, for more than two Centuries, an independent State, during which they have enjoyed a moſt happy Tranquillity, adorned with the Luſtre of every Science and every Art. But the Athenians had done very glorious Exploits, had obtained a great Empire, and were one of the nobleſt States in the World, before you altered their Conſtitution. And after that Change they declined very faſt, till they loſt all their Greatneſs.

See Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence.

PERICLES.

Their Conſtitution had from the firſt a foul Blemiſh in it, I mean *the Ban of Oſtraciſm*, which alone was ſufficient to undo any State. For there is nothing of

ſuch important Uſe to a Nation, as that Men who excel in Wiſdom and Virtue ſhould be encouraged to undertake the Buſineſs of Government. But this deteſtable Cuſtom deterred ſuch Men from ſerving the Public, or, if they ventured to do ſo, turned even their Wiſdom and Virtue againſt them; ſo that in Athens it was ſafer to be *infamous* than *renowned*. We are told indeed by the Advocates for this ſtrange Inſtitution, that it was not *a Puniſhment*, but only *a Guard to the Liberty of the State*: as if Words could change the nature of Things, and make a Baniſhment of ten Years inflicted on a Man by the Suffrages of his Countrymen no Evil to him, or no Offence againſt Juſtice, and the natural Right every Freeman may claim, that he ſhall not be driven from any Society, of which he is a Member, without being proved guilty of ſome criminal Action.

COSMO.

The Oſtraciſm was indeed a moſt grievous Fault in the Athenian Conſtitution. It placed *Envy in the Seat of Juſtice*, and gave men *a legal Right to do Wrong*. Other Nations are blamed for *tolerating*

Vice; but the Athenians alone would not *tolerate Virtue*. No State is well modelled, which cannot preſerve the Liberty it enjoys without a Violation of natural Juſtice: nor would a Friend to *true Freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed, not by *Men*, but by *Laws*, wiſh to live in a Country, where a *Cleon* bore Rule, and where an *Ariſtides* could not be endured. But inſtead of curing this Evil you made it worſe. You rendered the People ſtill more intractable, more adverſe to Virtue, leſs ſubject to the Laws, and more to impreſſions from miſchievous Demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

I did ſo; — and therefore my Place in Elyſium, notwithſtanding the Integrity which I preſerved in my whole public Conduct, and the great Virtues which I exerted, is much below that of Thoſe, who have governed Republics, or limited Monarchies, not merely with a concern for their *preſent Advantage*, but with a prudent Regard to that *Ballance of Power* on which their *permanent Happineſs* always depends.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE —— BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES; we both were Philoſophers; but my Philoſophy was the deepeſt. You *dogmatized*, and I *doubted*.

LOCKE.

Do you make *Doubting* a Proof of *Depth* in Philoſophy? It may be a good Beginning of it, but it is a bad End.

BAYLE.

No: — the more profound our Searches are into the nature and reaſon of Things, the more Uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtle Minds ſee Objections and Difficulties in every Syſtem, which are overlooked

overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary Underſtandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no Philoſopher, and to keep in the vulgar Herd of Mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething.* I find that the Eyes which Nature has given me ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of the reach of their Sight. What ſhould I think of a Phyſician, who ſhould propoſe to me an Eye-water, that would at firſt ſo ſharpen their ſight, as to carry it farther than ordinary Viſion; but would in the end put them out, and make me quite blind? Would it not be Wiſdom in me, either never to uſe his receipt, or to ſtop before it had had its full Operation? Your Philoſophy, Monſieur Bayle, is to the Eyes of the Mind what I have ſuppoſed the Doctor's *Noſtrum* to be to thoſe of the Body. It actually brought your fine Underſtanding, which was by Nature very quick-ſighted, and rendered more ſo by Art and a Subtilty of Logic peculiar to yourſelf, it brought, I ſay, your fine Underſtanding to ſee nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great

Truths of Reaſon and Religion in Miſts of Doubt.

BAYLE.

I own it did; — but your compariſon, Sir, is not juſt. I did not ſee well, before I uſed my Philoſophic Eye-water: I only *ſuppoſed* I ſaw well; but I was in an Error with the reſt of Mankind. The Blindneſs was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myſelf firſt of thoſe falſe Imaginations, and then I endeavoured to cure other Men.

LOCKE.

A great cure indeed! and don't you think that they ought to erect you a Statue for the Service you did them?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for Human Nature to know its own Weakneſs. When we preſume on a Strength we have not, we are in great danger of hurting ourſelves, or at leaſt of deſerving Ridicule and Contempt by vain and idle Efforts.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

I agree with you, Human Nature ſhould know its own Weakneſs; but it ſhould alſo feel its own Strength, and try to improve it. This was my Buſineſs, as a Philoſopher. I endeavoured to diſcover the Powers of the Mind, to ſee what it could do, and what it could not; to reſtrain it from Efforts beyond its Ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as its natural Powers could go. In the vaſt Ocean of Philoſophy I ſailed with the Line and Plummet always in my hands. Rocks and Quick-ſands I frequently met in my way: but the care I took in ſounding made me eſcape them. I brought home ſome Truths of uſe to Mankind, and they eſteem me their Benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their Ignorance makes them think ſo. Some other Philoſopher will come hereafter and ſhew thoſe Truths to be Falſhoods. He will pretend to diſcover other Truths of equal Importance. Some other will come and diſcredit him too. In Philoſophy, as in Nature, all changes its form, and one thing exiſts by the Deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient Inveſtigation, depending on terms not clearly defined, and Principles begged or aſſumed without Proof, like Theories to explain the Phænomena of Nature built on Suppoſitions inſtead of Experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome Opinions there are, ſo founded in truth and probable Evidence, which the Mind has received on ſuch rational Grounds of Aſſent, that they are as immoveable as the Pillars of Heaven, or (to ſpeak Philoſophically) as the great Laws of Nature, by which under GOD the Univerſe is ſuſtained. Do you think, Monſieur Bayle, that becauſe the Hypotheſis of Deſcartes, your Countryman, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined Romance, has been lately exploded, the Syſtem of Newton, which is built on Experiments and Geometry, the two ſureſt Methods of diſcovering Truth, will ever fail? Or that, becauſe the Whims of Fanaticks and the Divinity of the Schoolmen cannot be ſupported, the Doctrines of that Religion, which I, the declared Enemy of all Enthuſiaſm

thuſiaſm and falſe Reaſoning, believed and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked Deſcartes, while he was in the Height of his Vogue, whether his Syſtem would be ever confuted by any other Philoſopher's, as that of Ariſtotle had been by his, what Anſwer do you think he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monſieur Bayle, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundations, on which the credit of thoſe Syſtems is placed. Your Scepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great Reputation, (the only paſſion of your Heart) to *object*, than *defend*, to *pull down*, than *ſet up*. Your Talents were admirable for that kind of Work. No Man had ever ſo artful a Method of turning to the Eye the dark ſide of a Queſtion, and hiding that part on which the Light of Evidence ſhone. Then your way of huddling together, in a critical Dictionary, a pleaſant Tale, or an obſcene Jeſt, and an Argument againſt the Chriſtian Religion; a witty confutation of ſome

abſurd Author, and an artful Sophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable Truth, was extremely commodious to all our young Smarts and Smatterers in Free-thinking. Thus has your Fame been widely diffuſed. But what Miſchief have you not done to Human Society? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of Succeſs, to ſhake thoſe foundations, on which the whole Moral World, and the great Fabric of ſocial Happineſs, entirely reſts. How could you anſwer for this to your Conſcience, even ſuppoſing that in your mind you had any Doubts of the Truth of a Syſtem, which gives to Virtue its ſweeteſt Hopes, to impenitent Vice its greateſt Fears, and to true Penitence its beſt Conſolations; which checks even the leaſt Approaches to Guilt, and yet makes thoſe Allowances for the Infirmities of our Nature, which the Stoic Pride denied to it, but which the Imperfection of it requires?

BAYLE.

The Mind is *free*; and it loves to exert its own *Freedom*. Any Reſtraint upon it is a Violence done to its Nature, and a Tyranny, againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

The Mind has a *Governor* within itſelf, which may and ought to limit its *Freedom*. That *Governor* is its Reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but Reaſon, like other Governors, has a Policy more dependent upon uncertain Caprice than any fixed Laws. And if the Reaſon that governs my Mind or your's has once ſet up *a favourite Notion*, it not only delights to bend to it itſelf, but to make others reſpect it as much. — It alſo takes a great pleaſure to ſhew its own Power, by demoliſhing Notions ſet up by others, and generally reſpected.

LOCKE.

I believe indeed that a Love for this Power you ſpeak of is a great Motive to the Publication of moſt of our ſceptical Books. And Nero, I ſuppoſe, might *take a great pleaſure* in burning Rome. It was an Action by which *he ſhewed his own Power*: but we are reaſoning now of *Right*, not of *Power*.

BAYLE.

BAYLE.

A Man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by ſaying that which he thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An Enthuſiaſt, who advances Doctrines prejudicial to Society, or oppoſes thoſe that are uſeful to it, has the Strength of Opinion and the Heat of a diſturbed Imagination to plead, in excuſe of his Fault. But your cool Head and clear Judgment have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are Paſſages in your Work, and thoſe not a few, in which you talk like a *Moraliſt*. I have heard too you lived like one, exempt from all Vice. But when, in other parts of your Work, you ſap the foundations of all moral Duties, what does it ſignify that you talk of them well. How few will regard either your general precepts or your example? How many, who have ſtronger Paſſions than you had, and are glad to get rid of the Curb that reſtrains them, will avail themſelves of your Scepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all Obligations of Virtue and Religion? —— Unhappy Man to have made ſuch a Uſe of

ſuch

ſuch Parts! It would have been better for you and Mankind, if you had been the dulleſt of Dutchmen, or the moſt credulous Monk in a Portugueſe Convent. The Riches of the Mind may, like thoſe of Fortune, be uſed ſo ill, as to become a Nuſance and Peſt to Society, inſtead of an Ornament and a Support.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me. — But do you count it no Merit, no Good to Society, to have done ſo much, as I did, to deliver Mankind from the Frauds and Fetters of Prieſtcraft, from the Deliriums of Fanaticiſm, and from the Terrors and Follies of Superſtition. What Miſchief has falſe Religion done in the World! Even in the laſt Age what Maſſacres, what Civil Wars, what Convulſions of Government, what Confuſion in Society did it produce. Nay, in that which I lived in, tho' much more enlightened, did I not ſee it occaſion a violent Perſecution in France, and drive the beſt Subjects out of that Kingdom? No Wonder then if I was provoked to ſtrike at the root of theſe Evils.

LOCKE.

LOCKE.

The root of these Evils was *false Religion*; but you struck at *the true*. Heaven and Hell are not more different, than the System of Faith which I have defended, and that which produced the Horrors you mention. Why would you confound and so blend them together in some of your Writings, that it requires much more attention and judgment than most Readers have, to separate them again, and be able to make the proper Distinctions? This is the great Art which your Example has taught our modern Freethinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous Minds by lively strokes of Reason and Wit, against Priestcraft, Superstition, Fanaticism, Enthusiasm. But at the same time they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true Religion, and dress her out in their Garb, with an intention to render her odious to those, who have not Penetration enough to discover the Cheat. Yet it is certain, no Book, that ever was writ by the most acute of these Gentlemen, is so repugnant to Priestcraft, to spiritual Tyranny, to all weak Superstitions of every kind, to all

that

that can tend to disturb or to prejudice Human Society, as *that* which they so much affect to despise.

BAYLE.

If I have been faulty in going too far, yet this let me say in excuse of that Fault: Mankind is so made, that, when they have been *over-heated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again, till they have been *over-cooled*. My Scepticism might be necessary to cure the *Fever* and *Phrenzy* of false Religion.

LOCKE.

A wise Prescription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* State of the Mind, (for such a Scepticism as your's is a *Palsy*, which deprives the mind of all Vigour, and deadens its natural and vital Powers) in order to take off a *Fever*, which *Temperance*, and *the Milk of the Evangelical Doctrines*, would probably cure!

BAYLE.

I acknowledge, those Medicines have a great power. But few Doctors care to apply them unmixed with some harsher Drugs,

Drugs, or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *Noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you ſay now is too true: — GOD has given us a moſt excellent Phyſic for the Soul, in all its Diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted Phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited Quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of Mankind, that much of the benefit of it is loſt.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS, Duke of Touraine.

JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH, Field Marſhal of His Britannic Majeſty's Forces.

ARGYLE.

YES, noble Douglas, it grieves me to think, that you, and your Son, with the brave Earl of Buchan, ſhould have employed ſo much Valour, and loſt your Lives, in fighting the battles of that foreign State, which, from its Situation and Intereſts, is the moſt dangerous Enemy to Great Britain. A Britiſh Nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper Sphere, as a Græcian Commander engaged in the Service of Perſia would have appeared to Miltiades or Ageſilaus.

See Buchan. Rerum Scoticarum, l. 10. p 338. A. D. 1424.

DOUGLAS.

In ſerving France I ſerved Scotland. The French were the *natural Allies* to the Scotch, and by ſupporting their Crown, I enabled my Countrymen to keep themſelves independent on England.

ARGYLE.

The French were indeed our *ancient Allies*, from the unhappy State of our Country: but that they were our *natural Allies* I deny. Their Alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an *unnatural* State, *diſunited from England*. While that *Diſunion* continued, we were compelled to lean upon France for Support and Aſſiſtance. The French Power and Policy kept us indeed independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on Them; and that Dependence expoſed us to ſuffer many great and grievous Calamities, by drawing on us the Arms of the Engliſh, whenever the French and they had a Quarrel. Our Succours were diſtant and often uncertain. Our Enemy was at hand, ſuperior in Strength, though not ſo in Valour. Our Country was ravaged, our Kings were ſlain, or led captive; we loſt all the advantage of our being the Inhabitants of

a Great Iſland; we had no Commerce, no Peace, no Security, no degree of Maritime Power. Scotland was a Backdoor, thro' which the French, with our help, made their Inroads into England: if they conquered, we reaped little Benefit from it; but if they were beaten, we were the Victims, on whom the Engliſh ſeverely wreaked their Reſentment.

DOUGLAS.

The Engliſh ſuffered as much as We in thoſe Wars. How terribly were their Borders laid waſte and depopulated by our Incurſions? How often were the Swords of my Anceſtors ſtained with the beſt Engliſh Blood! Were not our Victories at Bannocbourn and at Otterbourn as glorious as any that Nation has ever obtained over Us?

ARGYLE.

They were: but they did us no laſting Good. They left us ſtill dependent on France for Aid and Protection: They left us a poor, a weak, a diſtreſſed, though a moſt valiant Nation. They irritated England, but could not ſubdue it, nor hinder our feeling ſuch effects of its Enmity, as

gave us no cauſe to rejoice in our Triumphs. — How much more happily was *my Sword* employed in humbling the Foe of Great Britain and Europe! With how ſuperior a Dignity did I appear in the combined Britiſh Senate, maintaining the Intereſts of the whole united People of England and Scotland, againſt all foreign Powers, who attempted to diſturb our general Happineſs, or to invade our common Rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your Eloquence and your Valour had indeed a much nobler and more ſpacious Field, to exert themſelves in, than any of thoſe, whoſe Courage and Talents were employed in defending the Rights or the Intereſts of Scotland alone, divided from England.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read an Account of the Wars between the Scotch and the Engliſh, I think I am reading a melancholy Hiſtory of *Civil Diſſentions*. Which-ever Side is defeated, their Loſs appears to me a Loſs to *the whole*, and an Advantage to ſome foreign Enemy of Great Britain.

But

But the Strength of that Iſland is made by the Union compleat and ſuperior to all other Powers. What a great Engliſh Poet has ſaid *in one Inſtance* is now true *in all:*

" The *Hotſpur* and the *Douglas* both together
" Are confident againſt the World in Arms."

See Shakeſpear's Hen. IV. Par. 1.

Who can reſiſt the Engliſh and Scotch Valour combined? When ſeparated and oppoſed they ballanced each other: united they hold the Ballance of Europe. If all the Scotch Blood that has been ſhed for the French in Wars againſt England had been poured out to oppoſe their Ambition; if all the Engliſh Blood that has been ſpilt in Wars againſt Scotland had been preſerved; France would have long ago been rendered incapable of diſturbing our Peace, and Great Britain would have been *the Firſt Nation in Europe.*

DOUGLAS.

There is much Truth in all you have ſaid. —— But yet, when I reflect on the inſidious Ambition of Edward the Firſt, on the ungenerous Arts he employed to

acquire the Sovereignty of our Kingdom, and his horrid Cruelty to the brave Wallace, our Champion and Martyr, my Soul *is up in Arms* againſt the Inſolence of the Engliſh, and I adore the Memory of thoſe Patriots, who died in aſſerting the Independence of our Crown and the Liberty of our Nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in thoſe days, I ſhould have joined with thoſe Patriots, and been the foremoſt to maintain ſo noble a Cauſe. The Scotch were not made to be ſubject to England. Their Souls were too great, their Spirit was too high for ſuch a Dependence. But they may *unite* and *incorporate* with a Nation they would not *obey*. Their generous Scorn of a foreign Yoke, their ſtrong Love of Independence and Freedom, made their Union with England more natural and more proper. Had the Spirit of the Scotch been ſervile or baſe, it could not have coalited with that of the Engliſh.

DOUGLAS.

It is true that the Minds of both Nations are formed in much the ſame Mold.

They

They are cogenial, and filled with the ſame noble Virtues, the ſame Impatience of Servitude, the ſame Magnanimity, Courage, and Prudence, the ſame Genius for Policy, Sciences, Arts. Yet, notwithſtanding this happy Conformity, when I conſider how long they were Enemies to each other; what an Hereditary Hatred and Jealouſy had ſubſiſted for Ages between them; what private Paſſions, what Prejudices, what Intereſts, muſt have obſtructed every Step of the Treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the ſtrong Oppoſition of National Pride; I ſtand aſtoniſhed that it was poſſible to unite the two Kingdoms upon any conditions: and more eſpecially that it could be done with ſuch equal Regard and Fairneſs to Both!

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a moſt arduous, difficult Work! and the Succeſs of it muſt I think be aſcribed, not only to the great Firmneſs and Prudence of thoſe who had the Management of it, but to the gracious Aſſiſtance of Providence, for the Preſervation of *the Reformed Religion* amongſt us, which, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland and much

endangered in England. The ſame good Providence has watched over and protected it ſince, in a moſt ſignal manner, againſt the Attempts of an infatuated Party in Scotland, and the Arts of France, who by her Emiſſaries tried to deſtroy it, as ſoon as formed; becauſe ſhe juſtly foreſaw that it would be deſtructive to all her Deſigns. I myſelf had the Honour to have a principal Share in ſubduing one Rebellion deſigned to ſubvert it: and ſince my Death, it has been, I hope, eſtabliſhed for ever, not only by the Defeat of another Rebellion, which came upon us in the midſt of a great War with France, but by a wiſe and beneficent *Syſtem of Laws*, the Object of which is to Reform and to Civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the People there from the Arbitrary Power and Oppreſſion of their Chieftains; to carry the Royal Juſtice and Royal Protection into the wildeſt Parts of their Mountains; to hinder their natural Valour from being abuſed and perverted, to the detriment of their Country; and to introduce among them Arts, Agriculture, Commerce, Tranquillity, and all the Improvements of Civil and Social Life.

See Hook's Letters and Lockhart's Memoirs.

DOUGLAS,

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me, you give me the higheſt Idea of the great King, your Maſter; who, after being provoked by ſuch a Rebellion, inſtead of Enſlaving the People of the Highlands, or laying the Hand of Power more heavy upon them (which is the uſual Conſequence of unſucceſsful Revolts) has conferred on them the ineſtimable Bleſſings of Liberty, Juſtice, and Peace. To act thus is indeed to *perfect the Union*, and make all the Inhabitants of Great Britain acknowledge, with Gratitude and with Joy, that they are Subjects of *the ſame Kingdom*, and governed with the ſame impartial Affection, by *the Sovereign and the Father of the whole Commonwealth!*

ARGYLE.

The *Laws* I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent Policy of His Majeſty's Government, have already produced very happy Effects *in that part of the Kingdom*; and, if rightly purſued, will produce many more. But no Words can recount to you the infinite Benefits, that have attended the Union, in the Northern Counties of England and Southern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS.

The Fruits of it muſt be, doubtleſs, moſt ſenſible there, where the perpetual Enmity between the two Nations had cauſed the greateſt Diſorder and Deſolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh Douglas — if you could but revive and return again into Scotland, what a delightful Change would you ſee in that Country! All thoſe great Tracts of Land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the Inroads of the bordering Engliſh, or the Feuds and Diſcords that raged within our own Kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and ſmiling with Plenty. Inſtead of the Caſtles, which every Baron was forced to erect for the Defence of his Family, and where he lived in the *Barbariſm of Gothic Pride*, among wretched Vaſſals oppreſſed by the Abuſe of his Feudal Powers, your Eyes would be charmed with fine Country-Houſes, of the moſt elegant Architecture, adorned with noble Plantations and beautiful Gardens; while happy Villages or gay Towns are riſing about them, and enlivening

livening the Proſpect with every Image of Rural Wealth! On our Coaſts trading Cities, full of new Manufactures, and every day encreaſing their Commerce! In our Ports and Harbours innumerable Ships, which are guarded by invincible Fleets! But of all Improvements the greateſt is in the *Minds* of the Scotch. *Theſe* have profited even more than their Lands by the Culture, which the ſettled Peace and Tranquillity, produced by the Union, have happily given to them: and they have diſcovered ſuch Talents in all Branches of Literature, as might render the Engliſh jealous of being excelled by their Genius, if there could remain a *Competition*, when there remains no *Diſtinction* between the two Nations.

DOUGLAS.

There may be *Emulation*, without any *Jealouſy*; and the Efforts, which that *Emulation* will cauſe, may render our Iſland ſuperior in the fame of Wit and good Learning to Italy or to Greece; a Superiority, which I have learnt in the Elyſian Fields to prefer even to that acquired by Arms. — But one Doubt remains with me concerning the Union. I underſtand that

that no more than ſixteen of our Peers, except thoſe who have Engliſh Peerages alſo, (which ſome of our greateſt Nobles have not) now ſit in the Houſe of Lords, as Repreſentatives of the reſt. Does not This in ſome meaſure *Diminiſh* thoſe Peers who are not elected? And may not the Election of the *Sixteen*, be too much influenced by, and dependent upon, the Will of the Court?

ARGYLE.

It was impoſſible that the Engliſh could ever conſent in the Treaty of Union to admit a greater number to ſit in the Houſe of Peers: but all the Scotch Peerage is virtually there, by *Repreſentation*. And Thoſe who are not elected have every Dignity and Right of the Peerage, except the Privilege of ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, and ſome others depending thereon.

See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

DOUGLAS.

They have ſo: —— but when Parliaments enjoy ſuch a Share in the Government of a Country, as our's do now, to be *perſonally* there is a Privilege and a Dignity of the higheſt Importance.

ARGYLE.

ARGYLE.

I wiſh it had been poſſible to impart it to all. But your Reaſon will tell you that it was not. —— And conſider, My Lord, that, till the Revolution in ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the Power of *the Lords of the Articles* had rendered our *Parliaments* much more ſubject to the Controul and Influence of the Crown than our *Elections* are now. — As, by the manner in which they were conſtituted, *thoſe Lords* were no leſs devoted to the King than his own Privy Council, and as no Propoſition could then be preſented in Parliament, if rejected by Them, They gave him *a Negative before Debate*. This indeed was aboliſhed upon the Acceſſion of William the Third, *the firſt Æra of our Liberty*, with many other oppreſſive and deſpotical Powers, which had rendered our Nobles *Slaves to the Crown*, while they were allowed to be *Tyrants over the People*. But if King James, or his Family, had been reſtored, the Government he had exerciſed would have been re-eſtabliſhed: and nothing but the Union of the two Kingdoms could have prevented that Reſtoration. We likewiſe owe to the Union the ſubſequent

See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 1. p. 69 to 72.

Abolition

Abolition of *the Scotch Privy Council*, which had been the moſt grievous Engine of Tyranny in former times, and that ſalutary Law, which declared that no Crimes ſhould be High Treaſon or Miſpriſion of Treaſon in Scotland, but ſuch as were ſo in England; and gave us the Engliſh Methods of Trial in caſes of that nature: whereas, before, there were ſo many Species of Treaſons, the Conſtruction of them was ſo uncertain, and the Trials were ſo arbitrary, that no Man could be ſafe from ſuffering as a Traitor. By the ſame Act of Parliament we alſo received a Communication of that noble Privilege of the Engliſh, *Exemption from Torture*; a Privilege, which, though eſſential to natural Juſtice, no other Nation in Europe, not even *the freeſt*, can boaſt of poſſeſſing. Shall we then take Offence at ſome inevitable circumſtances, which may perhaps be objected to in the Union, when it has freed us from Slavery and all the worſt Evils a State can endure? It might be eaſily ſhewn, that, in his political and civil Capacity, every Baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more *independent*, than the higheſt was under the Reign of King Charles the Second, or of his Brother.

See Act for rendering the Union of the two Kingdoms more entire and complete, Anno Reginæ Annæ ſexto.

See Act for improving the Union of the two Kingdoms, Anno ſeptimo Annæ Reginæ.

See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland, l. 8. and Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7. and James II. c. 1.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of those Reigns makes me blush with Indignation at the Servility of our Nobles, who could endure them so long, and so patiently, as they did. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch Spirit, which had dared to resist the *Plantagenets* in the Height of their Power and Pride? Could the Descendants of Those, who had disdained to be *Subjects* of Edward the First, submit to be *Slaves* of Charles the Second or James?

ARGYLE.

They seemed in general to have lost every Characteristic of their natural Temper, except a Desire to abuse the Royal Authority, for the Gratification of their private Resentments in Family Quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your Grandfather, My Lord, has the glory of not falling under this Censure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his Spirit and the Principles he professed drew upon him the Injustice and Rage of those times. But there

See Hume's Hiſtory of Charles II. c. 7.

See the Act of Union, Art. 23.

there needs no other Proof than *the nature and manner of his Condemnation*, to ſhew the wretched State our Nobility then were in, and what an Advantage it is to them that they now are to be tried *as Peers of Great Britain*, and have the benefit of thoſe Laws which imparted to Us the Equity and the Freedom of the Engliſh Conſtitution.

Upon the whole, as much as Wealth is preferable to Poverty, Liberty to Oppreſſion, and national Strength to national Weakneſs, ſo much has Scotland gained by the Union. England too has ſecured by it every Bleſſing which was before enjoyed by her, and has very greatly augmented her Strength. She now has no Limits to guard but the Sea. The Martial Spirit of the Scotch, their hardy Bodies, their acute and vigorous Minds, their Induſtry, their Activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole Iſland. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Engliſhman, and he is a bad Engliſhman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual Intercourſe, mutual Intereſts, mutual Benefits, muſt be productive of mutual Affection. And when *that* is eſtabliſhed, many great Things, which hitherto ſome

Remains of Jealouſy and Diſtruſt, or local Partialities, may have obſtructed, will be done for the Good of the whole united Kingdom. How much may the Revenues of Great Britain be encreaſed by the Encreaſe of Commerce in Scotland! What a mighty Addition to the National Wealth will ariſe from the Improvement of our moſt Northern Counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The *Briars* and *Thorns* are in a great meaſure already grubbed up: the *Flowers* and *Fruits* may quickly be planted. And what more pleaſing or what more glorious Employment can any Government have, than to attend to the raiſing of *ſuch a Plantation!*

DOUGLAS.

The Proſpect you open to me of Happineſs to my Country appears ſo delightful, that it make me amends for the Pain, with which I reflect on the times that I lived in, and indeed on our whole Hiſtory for ſeveral Ages.

ARGYLE.

That Hiſtory does, in truth, preſent to the Mind the moſt direful Objects, Aſſaſ-

ſinations, Rebellions, Anarchy, Tyranny, and Religion itſelf either cruel, or gloomy, and enthuſiaſtic. An Hiſtorian, who paints it in its true Colours, muſt take the pencil of *Guercino* or *Salvator Roſa*. But the moſt agreeable Imagination can hardly deſcribe a more happy Scene, than the various Bleſſings we may expect to derive from the Union, if all the Prejudices againſt it, and all that may tend to keep up an Idea of ſeparate Intereſts, or local Attachments, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impoſſible *they can be retained.* To reſiſt the Union is indeed to rebel againſt Nature.—Nature has joined the two Countries, has fenced them both with the Sea, againſt the Invaſion of all other Nations; but has laid them quite open the one to the other. Accurſed be He who tries to divide them. — *What* GOD *has joined let no Man put aſunder.*

DIALOGUE

The Three following DIALOGUES are by another Hand.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

CADMUS — HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to ſit as high on Olympus as Hercules? Did you kill the Nemean Lion, the Erymanthian Boar, the Lernean Serpent, and Stymphalian Birds? Did you deſtroy Tyrants and Robbers? You value yourſelf greatly on ſubduing one Serpent: I did as much as that while I lay in my Cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the Serpent I boaſt myſelf a greater Benefactor to Greece than you. Actions ſhould be valued by their Utility rather than their Eclat. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which

Laws owe their *preciſion* and *permanency*. You ſubdued monſters; I civilized men. It is from untamed paſſions, not from wild Beaſts, that the greateſt Evils ariſe to human Society. By Wiſdom, by Art, by the united ſtrength of civil community, men have been enabled to ſubdue the whole race of Lions, Bears and Serpents, and what is more, to bind in Laws and wholeſome regulations the ferocious Violence and dangerous Treachery of the human diſpoſition. Had Lions been deſtroyed only in ſingle combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but Laws could awe the men who killed the Lions? The genuine glory, the proper diſtinction of the rational Species, ariſes from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and Strength is often exerted in acts of Oppreſſion. But Wiſdom is the Aſſociate of Juſtice; It aſſiſts her to form equal Laws, to purſue right meaſures, to correct power, protect weakneſs, and to unite individuals in a common Intereſt and general Welfare. Heroes may kill Tyrants; but it is Wiſdom and Laws that prevent Tyranny and Oppreſſion. The operations of Policy far ſurpaſs the Labours of Hercules, preventing many

many Evils which valour and might cannot even redreſs. You Heroes conſider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conqueſts which raiſe your fame are really beneficial to your Country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by Valour not directed by Prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle Arts!

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my ſtrenuous Life in the man who taught his Countrymen *to ſit ſtill and read*, and to loſe the hours of Youth and Action in idle ſpeculation and the ſport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the regiſters of fame is the Euryſtheus which impoſes heroic Labours on Mankind. The Muſes incite to action as well as entertain the hours of repoſe; and I think you ſhould honour them for preſenting to Heroes ſuch a noble recreation, as may prevent their taking up *the diſtaff*, when they lay down *the Club*.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as Heroes can take up the diſtaff. What think you of their thin-ſpun ſyſtems of Philoſophy, or laſcivious Poems, or Mileſian Fables? Nay, what is ſtill worſe, are there not panegyrics on Tyrants, and Books that blaſpheme the Gods, and perplex the natural Senſe of right and wrong? I believe if Euryſtheus was to ſet me to work again, he would find me a worſe taſk than any he impoſed; he would make me *read through a great Library*; and I would ſerve it as I did the Hydra, *I would burn as I went on*, that one chimera might not riſe from another, to plague mankind. I ſhould have valued myſelf more on clearing the Library, than on cleanſing the Augean Stables.

CADMUS.

It is in thoſe Libraries only that the memory of your Labours exiſts. The Heroes of Marathon, the Patriots of Thermopylæ owe their immortality to me. All the wiſe Inſtitutions of Lawgivers, and all the doctrines of Sages, had periſhed in the Ear, like a dream related, if Letters had not preſerved them. Oh Hercules!

It

It is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleaſure to be an enemy to the Muſes. Let Sardanapalus and the ſilken Sons of Luxury, who have waſted Life in inglorious eaſe, deſpiſe the records of Action, which bear no honourable Teſtimony to their Lives. But true merit, Heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, ſhould honour the ſacred ſource of laſting fame.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording *the Acts of great men*, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them Mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of Navigation. The invention of the Compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful

machines as perform what the united Labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of Arts, has received its ſhare of improvement from the ſame Source. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent Uſe, to enable the Memory to retain with more Eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, Precepts of Virtue and virtuous Actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few Letters Science has ſpread its Branches over all Nature, and raiſed its head to the heavens. Some Philoſophers have entered ſo far into the councils of Divine Wiſdom as to explain much of the great operations of Nature. The dimenſions, diſtances, and cauſes of the revolutions of the Planets, the path of Comets, and the Nature of Eclipſes, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more, than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connexion and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What

a volume of wiſdom, what a noble Theology do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior Geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite Artificer: the ſame care, the ſame providence is exerted through the whole, and we ſhould learn from it that to true Wiſdom utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of Science as far as it is aſſiſtant to Action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the Globe, becauſe it opens a wider field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CADMUS.

There ſpoke the Soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their Schemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great Ardor. The ſtudy of Hiſtory will teach the warrior and the Legiſlator by what

what means Armies have been victorious, and States have become powerful; and in the private citizen they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of Sages point out a private path of Virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelf-government, and ſubduing our paſſions the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HERCULES.

The true ſpirit of Heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of Hiſtory nor the doctrines of Philoſophers to direct it. But do not Arts and Sciences render men effeminate, luxurious and inactive; and can you deny that Wit and Learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed, they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter and the rules of Art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But theſe heaven-inſpired Geniuſes are few. As Learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty, and mild government ſubſiſt; in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of

Luxury

Luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of Art; but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every gift of the Gods is ſometimes abuſed; but Wit and fine Talents by a natural Law gravitate towards Virtue; Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but ſuch Accidents are a ſort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen and of dire portent to the times. For if Virtue cannot keep to her allegiance thoſe men, who in their hearts confeſs her divine right, and know the value of her Laws, on whoſe fidelity and obedience can ſhe depend? May ſuch Geniuſes never deſcend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the ſervice of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of thoſe, who, like you, preferred her to Pleaſure.

DIALOGUE

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DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVII.

MERCURY—And a modern fine LADY.

Mrs. MODISH.

INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

MERCURY.

I know you have an amiable affectionate huſband, and ſeveral fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal Attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a Kingdom's welfare or a Nation's glory, can excuſe a perſon who has received a ſummons to the realms of Death. If the grim meſſenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a paſſenger, (except now and then an hypochondriacal Engliſhman) once in a century.

century. You muſt be content to leave your huſband and family, and paſs the Styx.

Mrs. MODISH.

I did not mean to inſiſt on any engagement *with my huſband and children*; I never thought myſelf engaged to *them*. I had no engagements but ſuch as were common to women of my Rank. Look on my Chimney-piece, and you will ſee I was engaged to the Play on Mondays, Balls on Tueſdays, the Opera on Saturdays, and to Card-aſſemblies the reſt of the week, for two months to come; and it would be *the rudeſt thing in the world* not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the Summer-ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian Fields may be leſs deteſtable than the *country* in our world. Pray have you a fine *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh?* I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking *the Lethe Waters* when you have a full Seaſon.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of Oblivion, who have made Pleaſure the buſineſs, end, and aim of your Life!

Life! It is good to drown cares, but who would waſh away the remembrance of a Life of Gaiety and Pleaſure.

Mrs. MODISH.

Diverſion was indeed the buſineſs of my Life, but as to Pleaſure I have enjoyed none ſince the novelty of my Amuſements was gone off. Can one be pleaſed with ſeeing the ſame thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the Vapours, ſpoiled the natural chearfulneſs of my Temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY.

If this way of Life did not give you Pleaſure, why did you continue in it? I ſuppoſe you did not think it was very *meritorious*?

Mrs. MODISH.

I was too much engaged to think at all: ſo far indeed my manner of Life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diverſions were neceſſary, and my Doctor aſſured me diſſipation was good for my Spirits; my huſband inſiſted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige

one's friends, comply with one's Doctor, and contradict one's huſband; and beſides I was ambitious to be thought *du Bon ton.* *

MERCURY.

Bon ton! what is that Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. MODISH.

Oh Sir, excuſe me, it is one of the privileges of the *Bon ton* never to define, or be defined. It is the child and the Parent of Jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In converſation it is not Wit; in manners it is not Politeneſs; in behaviour it is not Addreſs; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain perſons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain Vices, and who inhabit a certain Part of the Town. Like a place by courteſy, it gets an higher rank than the perſon can claim, but which thoſe who have a legal title to precedency dare not diſpute, for fear of being thought

* *Du Bon ton* is a cant Phraſe in the Modern French Language for the faſhionable Air of Converſation and Manners.

not

not to underſtand the rules of Politeneſs. Now Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my Life.

MERCURY.

Then Madam, you have waſted your time, faded your Beauty, and deſtroyed your health, for the laudable purpoſes of contradicting your huſband, and being this ſomething and this nothing called the *Bon ton.*

Mrs. MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of inſtructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon, and your Duties to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your childrens Education.

Mrs. MODISH.

As to my Daughters Education I ſpared no expence; They had a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and drawing-maſter; and a French

French governeſs to teach them behaviour and the French Language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, ſentiments and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *Bon ton.* Your daughters muſt have been ſo educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am ſorry for the ſort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have juſt concluded. Minos is a ſour old Gentleman, without the leaſt ſmattering of the *Bon ton,* and I am in a fright for you. The beſt thing I can adviſe you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happineſs in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this ſide Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elyſian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, leſt Minos ſhould puſh you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a Sentence not much leſs ſevere than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH — CHARON — And a modern BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our Territories. He ſays he is rich, has a great deal of Buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it: He is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good Plutarch; you will eaſily awe him into order and decency by the ſuperiority an Author has over a Bookſeller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *Authors* domineer

domineer over *Bookſellers?* Dear Charon, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtiled *Claſſical Authors*. As to you, Plutarch, I have a particular animoſity againſt you, for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of Buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an Edition of *your Lives*; a Pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money. I could never get off above twenty ſets of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for Boys and Under-graduates; but unleſs a man has the luck to light on a Pedant he ſhall not ſell a ſet of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the ſubjects I had hoped another reception for my works. I will own indeed that I am not always perfectly accurate in every Circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the Actions of my Heroes, as may be expected from a Biographer who has confined himſelf to one or two Characters. A Zeal to preſerve the memory of great men,

and to extend the influence of ſuch noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accompliſh in the firſt degree of perfection: but ſurely the Characters of my illuſtrious Men are not ſo imperfectly ſketched, that they will not ſtand forth to all ages as Patterns of Virtue, and Incitements to glory. My reflexions are allowed to be deep and ſagacious; and what can be more uſeful to a reader than a wiſe man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my writings you will find no raſh cenſures, no undeſerved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain oſtentation of critical ſkill, nor any affected *fineſſe*. In my Parallels, which uſed to be admired as pieces of excellent Judgment, I compare with perfect impartiality one great man with another, and each with the rule of Juſtice. If indeed later ages have produced greater men and better writers, my Heroes and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the aſſiſtance of much better rules of morality, than the unaſſiſted reaſon of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder, that thoſe vices, which appeared to us as mere blemiſhes in great Characters, ſhould ſeem moſt horrid deformities in the purer Eyes of the preſent Age. A delicacy I do not

not blame, but admire and commend. And I muſt cenſure you for endeavouring, if you could publiſh better examples, to obtrude on your Countrymen ſuch as were defective. I rejoice at the preference which they gave to perfect and unallayed Virtue; and as I ſhall ever retain an high veneration for the illuſtrious men of every age, I ſhould be glad you would give me ſome account of thoſe Perſons, who in Wiſdom, Juſtice, Valour, Patriotiſm, have eclipſed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, Scipio, &c.

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Maſter Plutarch, you are talking *Greek* indeed. That work which repaired the loſs I ſuſtained by the coſtly Edition of your Books, was, *The Lives of the Highwaymen:* but I ſhould never have grown rich, if it had not been by publiſhing *the Lives of men that never lived.* You muſt know, that though in all times it was poſſible to have a great deal of Learning and very little Wiſdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing, that a man may read all his Life and have no learning or knowledge at all; which begins to be an advantage of the greateſt importance. There is as natural a War between

your men of Science and Fools, as between the Cranes and the Pigmies of old. Moſt of our young men having deſerted to the Fools, the Party of the Learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their Forts and Faſtneſſes at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them ſtay and ſtudy old muſty Moraliſts, till one falls in Love with the Greek, another with the Roman Virtue; but our men of the world ſhould read our New Books, which teach them to have no Virtue at all. No book is fit for a Gentleman's reading which is not void of Facts and of Doctrines, that he may not grow a Pedant in his morals or converſation. I look upon Hiſtory (I mean *real* Hiſtory) to be one of the worſt kinds of ſtudy. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel inſtance he had met with in Hiſtory, and be betrayed into the aukwardneſs of introducing into his diſcourſe a Greek, Roman, or even Gothic Name. But when a Gentleman has ſpent his time in reading Adventures that never occurred, Exploits that never were atchieved, and Events that not only never did, but never can happen, it is impoſſible that in Life or

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in Diſcourſe he ſhould ever apply them. A *ſecret hiſtory*, in which there is *no Secret* and *no Hiſtory*, cannot tempt indiſcretion to blab or vanity to quote; and by this means modern converſation flows gentle and eaſy, unincumbered with matter and unburthened of inſtruction. As the preſent ſtudies throw no weight or gravity into diſcourſe and manners, the women are not afraid to read our Books, which not only diſpoſe to Gallantry and Coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæſar's Commentaries, and the Account of Xenophon's Expedition, are not more ſtudied by military Commanders, than our Novels are by the Fair; to a different Purpoſe indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; Thoſe inflame the vain and idle Love of glory, Theſe inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world men might learn much of what they get from Books; but the poor women, who in their early Youth are confined and reſtrained, if it were not for the friendly aſſiſtance of Books, would remain long in *an inſipid purity of mind*, with a *diſcouraging reſerve of Behaviour*.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the ſtudy of Virtue for the ſtudy of Vice, uſeful truth for abſurd fancy, and real Hiſtory for monſtrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compaſſion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into theſe dangerous ſtudies: and I wiſh for their ſakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia and ſome other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our Women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia. If you would inform us, that a *Billet doux* was found in her Cabinet after her Death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really ſaw her in the Arms of a Slave, and that ſhe killed herſelf to prevent a diſcovery, ſuch *Anecdotes* would ſell *very* well. Or if even by tradition, but better ſtill if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could ſhew ſome probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*, you would oblige the world very much; for you muſt know that next to new-invented Characters, we are fond of new Lights upon antient Characters; I mean

ſuch

ſuch Lights as ſhew a reputed honeſt man to have been a concealed knave; an illuſtrious hero a pitiful coward, &c. Nay, we are ſo fond of theſe kinds of information, as to be pleaſed ſometimes to ſee a character cleared from a Vice or Crime it has been charged with, provided the perſon concerned be actually dead. But in this Caſe the Evidence muſt be authentic, and amount to a demonſtration; in the other a detection is not neceſſary; a ſlight ſuſpicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great Character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more ſurpriſed at what you ſay of the Taſte of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who aſſured me that leſs than a century ago he had written a much admired Life of Cyrus under the name of Artamenes, in which he aſcribed to him far greater actions than thoſe recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great Heroes of Hiſtory had been treated in the ſame manner; that Empires were gained and Battles decided by the valour of a ſingle man, Imagination beſtowing what nature has denied, and the ſyſtem of human affairs rendered impoſſible.

BOOKSELLER.

BOOKSELLER.

I aſſure you theſe Books were very uſeful to Authors and their Bookſellers: and for whoſe Benefit beſides ſhould a man write? Theſe Romances were very faſhionable and had a great Sale: They fell in luckily with the humour of the Age.

PLUTARCH.

Monſieur Scuderi tells me they were written in the times of Vigour and Spirit, in the Evening of the gallant days of Chivalry, which though then declining had left in the hearts of Men a warm glow of Courage and Heroiſm; and they were to be called to Books as to Battle by the ſound of the Trumpet: he ſays too, that, if writers had not accommodated themſelves to the Prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles and deſperate encounters, their works would have been eſteemed too effeminate an amuſement for Gentlemen. Hiſtories of Chivalry, inſtead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raiſe humanity above the condition which is naturally preſcribed to it; but as ſtrict Juſtice, patriot motives, prudent counſels, and a diſpaſſionate choice of what upon the whole is

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fitteſt and beſt, do not direct theſe heroes of Romance, they cannot ſerve for inſtruction and example, like the great Characters of true Hiſtory. It has ever been my Opinion, that only the clear and ſteady Light of Truth can guide Men to Virtue, and that the Leſſon which is *impracticable* muſt be *unuſeful*. Whoever ſhall deſign to regulate his conduct by theſe Viſionary Characters will be in the condition of ſuperſtitious People, who chuſe rather to act by Intimations they receive in the Dreams of the Night, than by the ſober counſels of Morning Meditation. Yet I confeſs it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the Deeds of *fabulous Heroes*; but ſurely it is the cuſtom only of your's to incite them to *Vice* by the Hiſtory of *fabulous Scoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have ſoared into the regions of fancy to bring back Aſtrea: you go thither in ſearch of Pandora; Oh Diſgrace to Letters! Oh Shame to the Muſes!

BOOKSELLER.

You expreſs great indignation at our preſent race of writers; but believe me the fault lies chiefly on the ſide of the readers. As Monſieur Scuderi obſerved to you, Authors muſt comply with the manners and diſpoſition

diſpoſition of thoſe who are to read them. There muſt be a certain ſympathy between the Book and the Reader to create a good liking. Would you preſent a modern fine Gentleman, who is negligently lolling in an eaſy Chair, with *the Labours of Hercules* for his recreation? Or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal when he is expiring with the fatigue of laſt Night's Ball? Our readers muſt be amuſed, flattered, ſoothed; ſuch adventures muſt be offered to them as they would like to have a ſhare in.

PLUTARCH.

It ſhould be the firſt object of writers to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your Love of fictitious Characters might be turned to good Purpoſe, if thoſe preſented to the Public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It muſt be confeſſed, that Hiſtory, being employed only about illuſtrious Perſons, public Events, and celebrated Actions, does not ſupply us with ſuch inſtances of Domeſtic merit as one could wiſh: Our heroes are great in the Field and the Senate, and act well in great Scenes on the

theatre of the World: but the Idea of a man, who in the ſilent retired path of Life never deviates into Vice, who conſiders no ſpectator but *the omniſcient Being*, and ſollicits no applauſe but *His* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of domeſtic Virtue would be more particularly uſeful to Women than thoſe of great Heroines. The virtues of Women are blaſted by the breath of public fame, as flowers that grow on an Eminence are faded by the Sun and Wind which expand them. But true female Praiſe, like the muſic of the Spheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal Progreſs in the Path marked out for them by their great Creator; and like the heavenly harmony it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe Laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt. In the ſuppoſed Character of Clariſſa, (ſaid a Clergyman to me a few days before I left the world)

world) one finds the dignity of Heroiſm tempered by the meekneſs and humility of Religion, a perfect purity of mind and ſanctity of manners. In that of Sir Charles Grandiſon a noble Pattern of every private Virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted as to render him equal to every public Duty.

PLUTARCH.

Are both theſe Characters by the ſame Author?

BOOKSELLER.

Aye, Maſter Plutarch, and what will ſurpriſe you more, this Author has *printed* for me.

PLUTARCH.

By what you ſay, *it is pity he ſhould print any works but his own.* Are there no other Authors who write in this manner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary Hiſtories; One who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions; his Name is Fielding, and his works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of Comedy, and an exact repreſentation of Nature,

Nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate Virtue, but he has expoſed Vice and Meanneſs with all the powers of ridicule; and we have ſome other good *Wits* who have exerted their Talents to the Purpoſes you approve. Monſieur de Marivaux and ſome other French writers have alſo proceeded much upon the ſame Plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which give their works no mean rank among the *Belles Lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and elegance enough in a Book to make it ſell, *it is not the worſe for good morals.*

CHARON.

I think, Plutarch, you have made this Gentleman a little more humble, and now I will carry him the reſt of his Journey. But he is too frivolous an Animal to preſent to wiſe Minos. I wiſh Mercury were here; he would damn him for his Dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their Veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to *eternal emptineſs*. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide by Prometheus, not for having attempted to ſteal celeſtial fire, in order to animate

animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguish that which Jupiter had imparted? Or shall we constitute him *Friseur* to Tisiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his Satires and Libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not esteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind; He punishes Authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every Crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy Vengeance for the Injuries which Virtue or the Virtuous have suffered in consequence of their writings.

FINIS.